VOL. LXV. 1723

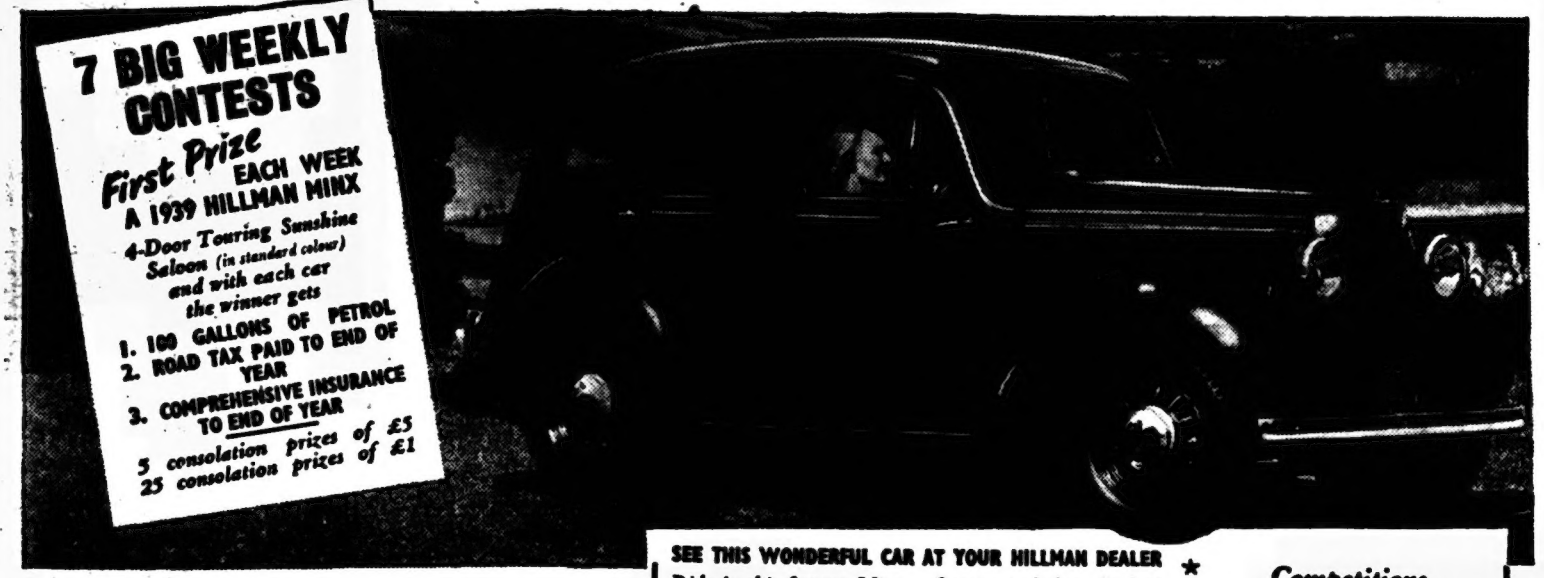
# JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

MINX 4-DOOR TOURING SUNSHINE SALOONS

# 7 HILLMANS FREE

EACH WITH 100 GALLONS OF PETROL AND ROAD TAX PAID TO END OF YEAR AND FULL COMPREHENSIVE INSURANCE TO END OF YEAR


7 BIG WEEKLY CONTESTS
First Prize EACH WEEK
A 1939 HILLMAN MINX
4-Door Touring Sunshine Saloon (in standard colour) and with each car the winner gets
1. 100 GALLONS OF PETROL
2. ROAD TAX PAID TO END OF YEAR
3. COMPREHENSIVE INSURANCE TO END OF YEAR
5 consolation prizes of £5
25 consolation prizes of £1

## WIN! START NOW!

JUST COMPLETE THIS SENTENCE:

*I like Outspan Oranges because .....:*

(IN 25 ADDITIONAL WORDS OR LESS)

*A new contest every week! Enter, enter now . . . enter every week!* Thrilling prizes! 7 Hillman 1939 4-door Minx Touring Saloons . . . each with petrol to take you several thousand miles . . . taxed and fully insured to end of year! "The World's most successful light car" say the Minx's makers . . . 1939 Hillman Minx—with its big car roominess and performance—averaging amazingly low petrol consumption as proved by practical tests.
Taxed to end of year AND full comprehensive insurance to end of year.

**AND . . 35 PRIZES OF £5, 175 PRIZES OF £1 EACH.**
Every week 30 lucky runners-up win useful cash sum.

**WHY? . . .** These grand prizes are offered to get you to try Outspan Oranges—the pick of the South African Orange crop. Outspan Oranges are the sweetest, juiciest and healthiest oranges you can buy. Remember THAT, in finishing the sentence "I like Outspan Oranges because . . . . . " in 25 additional words or less.

**SEE THIS WONDERFUL CAR AT YOUR HILLMAN DEALER**

Ride in this famous Minx and find out for yourself why Hillman do not hesitate to claim it the most successful light car in the world! Only by seeing and riding in it can you begin to appreciate its thrilling performance. Many new features, including all-silent four speed Synchromesh gear box, make the Minx supreme at its price. Amazing petrol economy is proved by practical tests. Accelerating, cruising, climbing, braking—the Minx is the car for perfomance

*Competitions to be judged by*

**PRUNELLA STACK**
*(Lady David Douglas Hamilton)*
*AND*
**"BIG-HEARTED"**
**ARTHUR ASKEY**

**HINTS HOW TO WIN!** Eat Outspan Oranges as an after-meal dessert and as a between-meal refresher; squeeze Outspan Oranges for plentiful, delicious juice. Notice how sweet and full of juice they are, what a wonderful 'lift' they give you. Isn't that easy to write about?
Isn't it easy to tell us about them in your own simple, sincere words? For example: **"I like Outspan Oranges because they are so good for the children—I give them one or two each day and everyone says how bonny they look nowadays."**

**DON'T HESITATE TO ENTER!** It's so easy to write a good sentence right out of your own experience. Nothing clever—nothing literary! The judges are looking for sentences that are simple and sincere—and that tell about some good use for Outspan Oranges.

**DON'T DELAY!** Enter this competition to-day!

## READ THESE EASY RULES

1. Finish the sentence "I like Outspan Oranges because . . . ." in 25 additional words or less. Write on this entry form or one side of a piece of paper. Sign your name and address. Send no extra letters, drawings or photographs with your entry.

2. Attach six wrappers from Outspan, Goldland, or any other brand of South African Oranges to each entry.

3. Post to Outspan Oranges, Minx Dept., 123 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

4. There will be 7 weekly competitions. Weekly prizes listed in panels at side of car illustration.

5. Entries received before July 2 will be entered in the first week's competition. Thereafter entries will be entered in each week's competition received. Entries for the final week's competition must be postmarked before Saturday midnight August 12.

Closing dates are—

| Contest | Closing | Contest | Closing |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1st | July 1 | 5th | July 29 |
| 2nd | July 8 | 6th | Aug. 5 |
| 3rd | July 15 | 7th | Aug. 12 |
| 4th | July 22 | | |

6. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity and aptness of thought. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries returned. Entries, contents and ideas become the property of the South African Citrus Committee. Any resident in Great Britain may enter except employees of the South African Citrus Committee, their advertising agents and their families.

7. Winners of the Hillman cars will be announced after the close of each competition in the following Wednesday's advertisement in the National Press.

**ENTRY FORM**

*I like Outspan Oranges because* .....

(FINISH THE ABOVE SENTENCE IN 25 ADDITIONAL WORDS—OR LESS)

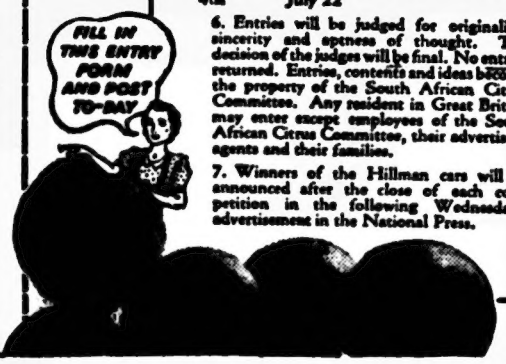
OUTSPAN ORANGES,
MINX DEPT.,
123 SHAFTESBURY AVE.,
LONDON, W.C.2.
Here is my entry for the Outspan Oranges Competition. I attach 6 wrappers from Outspan, Goldland, or any other brand of South African Oranges.

Name .....

Address .....

Name and address of shop where oranges were bought .....

J.B.H.1.



# HURRY!

SCALDS.—A dangerous accident that might occur in your home. Would you know what to do?

# FIRST AID IN THE HOME

## WHAT THIS GREAT COURSE TELLS YOU

**BOOK 1** **PRINCIPLES OF FIRST AID—BANDAGING.** Aims and objects of First Aid—What to do in an emergency until professional aid is obtainable—Details of the human skeleton—Names of bones—Functions of bones, joints and muscles—First Aid Materials—How to treat for shock—Bandages, etc., etc.

**BOOK 2** **INJURIES TO BONES, JOINTS MUSCLES.** Fractures, their causes and varieties—Simple, Compound and Complicated Fractures—General Rules for Treatment of Fractures—The use of splints and bandages—Special Fractures, etc., etc.

**BOOK 3** **SHOCKS, WOUNDS & HÆMORRHAGE.** The Meaning and Cause, the diagnosis and treatment of SHOCK and HÆMORRHAGE—Anatomy of the Body—Circulation of the Blood—Correct methods of taking the Pulse—Varicose Veins, etc., etc.

**BOOK 4** **POISONED WOUNDS AND INSENSIBILITY.** Poisoned Wounds and Stings—The Nervous System—General Rules for Treatment of Insensibility, etc., etc.

**BOOK 5** **BURNS, POISONS AND INJURIES.** Symptoms of poisoning—When to give an Emetic—When to give an Antidote—Treatment of Scalds or Burns—etc., etc.

**BOOK 6** **TRANSPORT AND RECEPTION OF ACCIDENTS.** How to conduct detailed examination of patient—How to prepare, load and improvise a Stretcher—Methods of carrying Patient—First Aid in Factories—Stocking a First Aid Chest, etc., etc.

**BOOK 7** **THE QUALIFICATIONS OF THE HOME NURSE.** Nurse's duties to Patient, Relatives, Doctor and herself—The faults of a bad nurse and how to avoid them—Personal Hygiene for Nurses—Clothing for Nurses—ROLLER BANDAGING, etc., etc.

**BOOK 8** **CHOICE AND PREPARATION OF A SICK-ROOM.** The most suitable type of room—Importance of Warmth, Light and Ventilation—Practical sickroom furniture—How to keep the sick-room clean—How to avoid draughts—Bed linen and equipment, etc., etc.

**BOOK 9** **OBSERVATION OF THE SICK—INVALID COOKERY.** Daily Routine—Washing the Patient—How to take Temperature and Pulse—Counting Patient's Respiration—How to prepare a Record Chart—Invalid Cooking—The Importance of Diet—Liquid Diet—Special Diets, etc., etc.

**BOOK 10** **HOME NURSING—TREATMENT.** How to administer Medicines by Mouth, under and through the skin, by Inhalation, by the Bowel. How to prepare and administer Enemas—Poultices, Fomentations—Cold Compresses—Mustard Plasters, etc., etc.

**BOOK 11** **INFECTIOUS DISEASES—SURGICAL NURSING.** Infection and Disinfection—Disinfecting the Sick-room—How to recognise signs and symptoms of Infectious Diseases—Treatment of Infectious Diseases—What Antiseptics to use, etc., etc.

**BOOK 12** **A. R. P. IN FIRST AID.**—How to recognise the various types of Gas—Effects of Gas—Treatment of Gas Casualties—How to deal with Fires caused by Bombs, etc., etc.

SUDDEN ILLNESS.—Her husband came home very ill. What should she do? Would YOU be at a loss when every minute is precious while you are waiting for the doctor?

CHILDREN'S FALLS.—Young children have many tumbles. You must know how to look for broken bones. You must know what is RIGHT and BEST for the child if it is hurt.

POISONING.—Their little girl hadn't been home long when she started to writhe in agony. She had had something poisonous. Would you know the RIGHT antidote or emetic?

DROWNING.—The swimmer is caught in the deadly trap of swift currents. He is brought to the shore. One thing will save his life!—Artificial Respiration. Could you administer it?

BROKEN ARM.—He was redecorating the outside of his house, when he fell and broke his arm. Would YOUR assistance make matters worse through lack of knowledge, or could you help?

ELECTRIC SHOCK.—He was going to plug in his radio, when he was violently flung back. An electric shock? Could you act INSTANTLY and do the RIGHT thing to help him?

CUTS.—Hurriedly she is cutting bread. Suddenly the knife slips, badly cutting her finger. A minor injury that might prove fatal. Do you know the precautionary steps to take?

# LAST CHANCE!

## *This Wonderful*

# TWELVE-BOOK HOME COURSE

## *for every* "JOHN BULL" READER

**ACCIDENTS will happen! You never know when a knowledge of First Aid may, actually in your home, be the means of saving someone weeks of illness—it may even save a life! That is why "John Bull" has produced this invaluable "First Aid in the Home" Course for you, and urges you to apply for it at once—before it is too late! Reservation Forms below will not be published again! "First Aid in the Home" consists of 12 invaluable Books. In order that you may begin at once, Book No. 1, now coming off the press, will be sent to you immediately. The other 11 Books will be sent at fortnightly intervals. Don't miss this final opportunity. HURRY! All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. Post Final Forms below at once.**

★ Millions of accidents of some kind or another happen in the homes of Britain every year. You never know when some mishap may befall someone you love. And even though it may be "only a scratch"—prompt and correct first aid treatment may make all the difference. Imagine, too, being suddenly faced with a more serious injury—a bad scald, a heavy fall, a burn, a case of food poisoning—Do you know what to do? Could you apply the treatment that is necessary while waiting for the Doctor? Read below the list of just a few of the common dangers to which we are all subject!

**Scalds — Burns — Heart Attack—Sunstroke—Poisoning — Electric Shock—Drowning —Convulsions—Food Poisoning—Struck by Lightning—Knocked down by car—Snake bite—Wound that won't stop bleeding—Gas poisoning — Acid burns — Fractures — Choking — Crushed rib—Broken arm—Cramp, etc., etc., etc.**

Step by step in unmistakable language and clear explanatory photographs, each Book in the Course takes you through a carefully arranged and progressive plan which covers every phase of First Aid. Gradually and surely you learn all you need to know about First Aid in the Home and it's all so simple and easy to assimilate.

The 12 Books in this Course are compact and light — they measure 5½ in. wide by 8½ in. deep—a handy pocket size. Each Book is perfectly printed in clear type on white opaque paper. The volumes have strong texture covers. **For Readers who wish to secure their twelve Books in an even better binding, there is a special De Luxe Edition bound in extra-durable Service Cloth. This is an extra privilege which should be accepted at once.** Each book is accompanied by questions and answers so that you can test your progress as you go along. With Book No. 1, you will also be sent a special Marking Chart on which you can record your progress right through to the end of the Course!

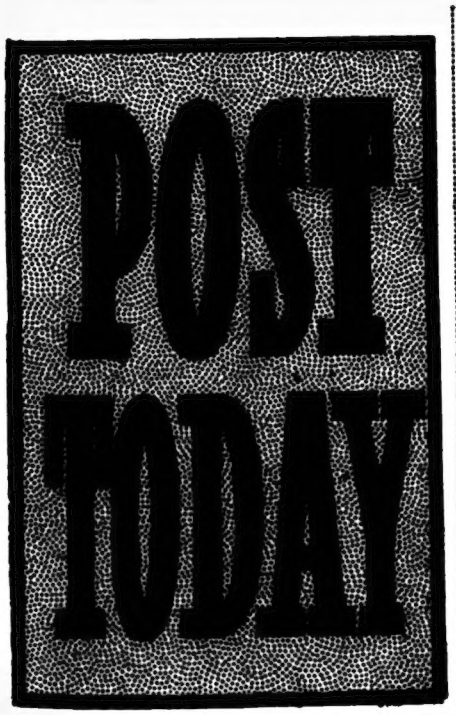
## DO THIS NOW

**This invaluable Course comes to you Section by Section. All you do is reserve the complete Course by sending in the Final Reservation Form "A" and Label below, completed as directed, together with FOURPENCE-HALFPENNY (4½d.) in stamps. (If you require the DE LUXE EDITION with the beautiful extra-durable Service Cloth binding, you send only 1½d. extra—i.e., SIXPENCE instead of fourpence-halfpenny.) In return "John Bull" will send your FIRST BOOK and eleven official Vouchers entitling you to obtain the remaining Eleven Books, one every two weeks.**

To secure your Second Book you send in your Voucher No. 2 together with FOURPENCE-HALFPENNY (4½d.) in stamps (or SIXPENCE if your Course is reserved in the De Luxe Edition) and TWO Tokens cut from consecutive weekly issues of "John Bull." Your Second Book will then be dispatched to you. You do the same for your Third Book—and so on, until you have the complete Course. That is all! There is nothing else to do, except to see that your Newsagent holds your written Order for the regular supply of your copies of "John Bull." Tokens eligible are the Series "F," and will be found each week in the bottom left-hand corner of the back cover of "John Bull." **You may begin collecting your tokens for Book 2 with the Token "F 2" which appears in next week's issue, on sale Thursday, June 29,** or with a subsequent series "F" Token. No other series of tokens will be accepted. This offer is open both to regular and to new readers of "John Bull." No person may apply for more than one "First Aid in the Home" Course.

**HURRY! No one should lose a moment in starting this Course. Think what it may mean, should an accident befall someone you love—instead of looking on helpless—you could render the first aid that may save weeks of illness and perhaps a life. Don't, DON'T miss this final opportunity. Post forms below immediately. They bring your First Book at once together with the Vouchers entitling you to the other 11 Books of the Course.**

# YOUR FIRST BOOK COMES TO YOU AT ONCE




JOHN BULL

**A** **"FIRST AID IN THE HOME"**

*A Complete Course in Twelve Books*

## FINAL RESERVATION FORM

THIS Form reserves the Complete 12 Books of the Course in your name and brings you Book No. 1 immediately.

*Address your envelope exactly as shown on right.* To:—"FIRST AID COURSE" DEPT. J.2, "JOHN BULL," NEAL STREET, LONDON, W.C.2 (Pref.).

In accordance with your special offer, please reserve in my name without obligation the complete 12-Book "FIRST AID IN THE HOME" Course in Edition indicated below. Please send me by return the First Book of the Course. I enclose remittance as indicated below for my First Book. Together with Book No. 1, please send me also the eleven official Vouchers on which to qualify at intervals of two weeks for the other eleven Books of the Course. I have NOT already reserved a complete Course under this scheme.

| STANDARD EDITION Enclose 4½d. in LOOSE stamps. | Please cross out Edition NOT required. | DE LUXE EDITION Enclose 6d. Stamp or Postal Order. |
|---|---|---|

N.B.—Write clearly below in BLOCK LETTERS. *If sending Postal Order make payable to "John Bull" and cross J. & Co.)*

NAME .....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

.....

Date _____ .....

The last day for receipt of Reservations from this issue is Tuesday, July 4th. Offer applies only to Gt. Britain, N. Ireland and Eire. No person may apply for more than one complete "First Aid" Course. "John Bull," 24/6/39.

**IMPORTANT.** The Label below must be enclosed with Reservation Form. You must fill it in with your name and full postal address in block letters and affix a THREE-HALFPENNY stamp to the space provided. The Reservation Form and Label, together with correct remittance *must* be posted in a *sealed* envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp.

**WITH CARE**

A 1½d. (three-halfpenny) Stamp MUST be firmly fixed here BY YOU.

NAME

.....
Full Postal ADDRESS

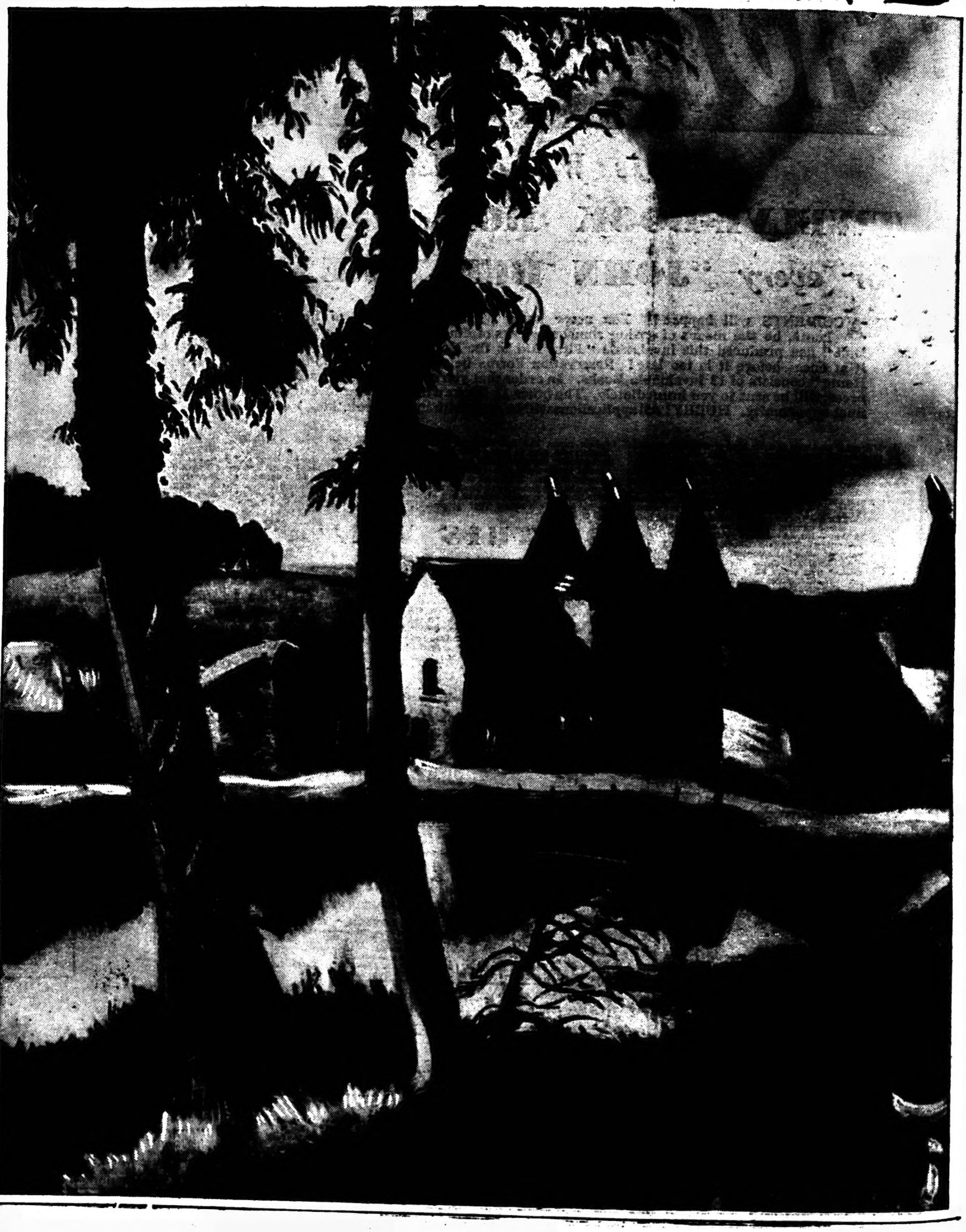
.....

.....

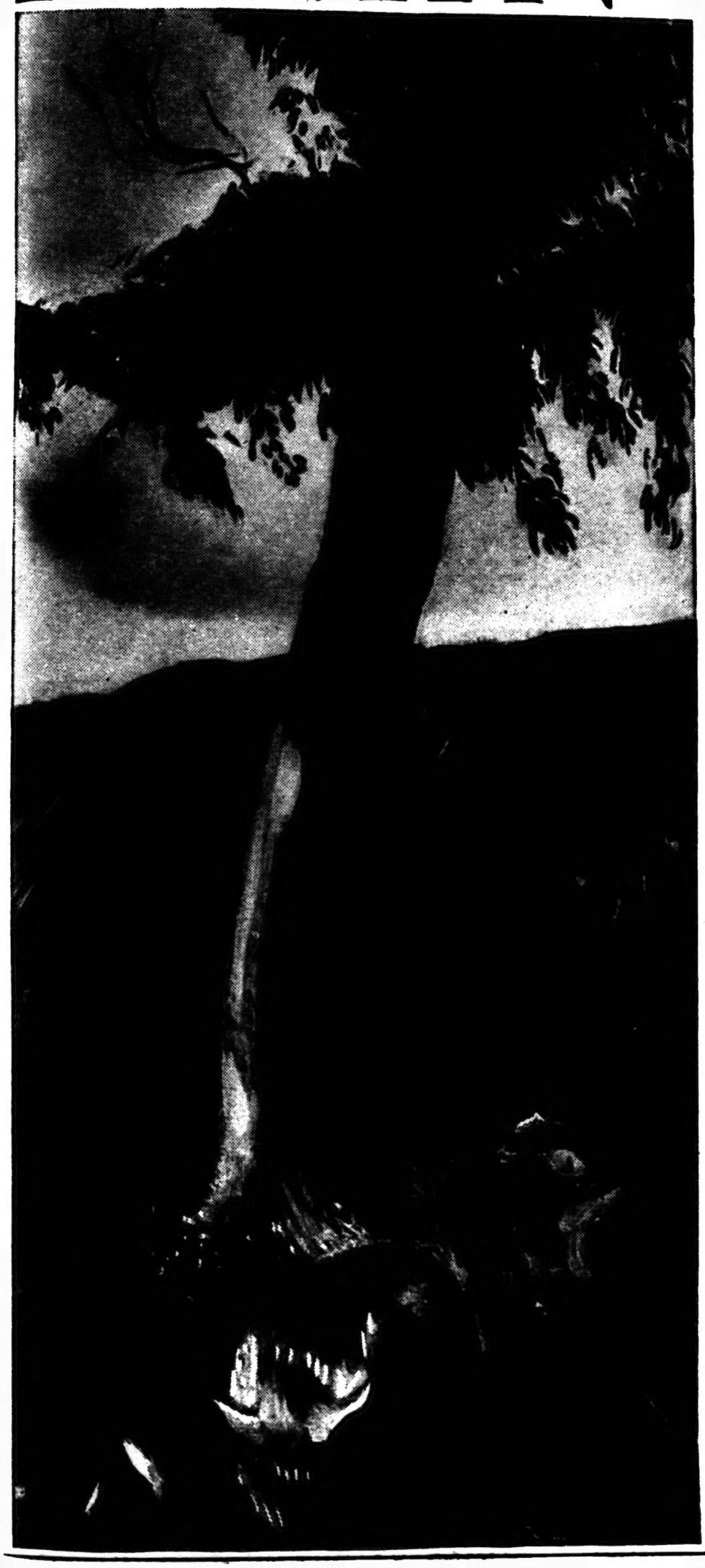
.....

F./J.2. If undelivered, return to 35, Shelton Street, London, W.C.2. BOOK NO. 1

# "IN ENGLAND



# AGAIN"



# by H.V. MORTON

*Great New Exclusive Series*

★ H. V. MORTON . . . the world's greatest descriptive writer . . . begins in the "Daily Herald" exclusively, on Monday next, an entirely new series of articles on rural England. Let H. V. Morton take you on a tour through our beautiful countryside . . . into the quietness of the hopfields and fruit farms of Kent . . . to the lonely sheep pastures of the Sussex Downs . . . over the winding Thames into the quaint unchanging villages of Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire and Bedfordshire . . . on past the ancient landmarks and castles of Huntingdonshire and Northamptonshire, and then back again to places long forgotten among the soft green hills of Hampshire . . . on and on, through some of the most lovely and romantic countryside in England. As you explore with H. V. MORTON, he will hold you spellbound with the magic of his pen. You must not fail to read this fascinating new series

STARTING IN THE

# DAILY HERALD

MONDAY NEXT

double your pleasure with

PARK DRIVE

10 for 4½d.

PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED (MILD)

**JOHN BULL**

THURSDAY, for week ending SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1939.
93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
*Telephone:* TEMPLE BAR 2468.

*Straight from the Shoulder*

# Hitler Makes His Will

HITLER has made his will.

Nazi leaders make no secret of the special conference to which he called them. Three men were missing: Goering, Himmler and Hess.

The Fuehrer discussed them openly. Obviously, he said, one of them would succeed him; but he wanted his listeners to pledge loyalty to all three.

## Ruled Out

Which of them should be the next leader of the German people?

Himmler, continued Hitler, is so essential as chief of police that he could not be spared to assume the highest post in the State.

Goering, although a great asset to the Nazi movement, does not wholly conform to Nazi conceptions and is too much the butt of popular humour.

## Next Leader

There remains Hess—Hitler's most trusted friend, who helped him to write "Mein Kampf," who has long been his deputy.

And Hess is named as his successor in his will.

## Plan for Prosperity

Quite as important, though less personal, is some news from Whitehall: the Five-Year Prosperity Plan for Britain is nearly completed.

Make-work schemes sent in by local authorities now total £900,000,000; in the end, the figure will probably reach a thousand millions.

This should help to prevent industrial depression when the arms boom ends. But it is not enough.

## Get Busy Now !

Urgently needed is a central authority to co-ordinate all these local plans, extend them where necessary, and put them into operation without delay.

We want, in short, a Ministry of Employment that will put the workless in jobs, keep them in jobs, and thus make Britain more prosperous than ever before.

## Acting under Orders

The British Press has now learned a fact which we told you weeks ago: that Slovakia is being overrun with picked German troops.

To which we can add this revelation: the Slovakian army is now under the

*(Continued overleaf.)*

# Secrets

## BEHIND THE NEWS

### AT HOME—

**BRITAIN HAS NOW ADOPTED THE INTENSE DAZZLE LIGHTING WHICH, AS WE TOLD YOU RECENTLY, IS A NEW GERMAN WEAPON AGAINST NIGHT ATTACK BY TANKS OR INFANTRY.**

* * *

**Mr. Frank Pick, vice-chairman of London Transport, will become Britain's transport "dictator" should war come.**

* * *

**One of London's best Territorial units can't drill. It has no marching boots.**

* * *

**Government representative visiting Northampton to hustle manufacturers finds that shortage of shoe-making machinery is to blame. Now to tackle that!**

* * *

**Admiralty has bought four tramp steamers in order to convert them into "Q" ships.**

* * *

**These will be fitted with detector devices; will hunt submarines instead of waiting to be attacked.**

* * *

**Arising from "Thetis" disaster, future submarines will be equipped with shackles to assist in salvage work.**

* * *

**London and Paris dressmakers are fighting for the right to send models to Duchess of Kent when she takes up residence in Australia.**

* * *

**Next few months will provide a record "harvest" for cement makers. One new arms factory alone is taking a hundred tons a day; the industry may produce seven million tons this year.**

* * *

**But one group of M.P.s will shortly make fresh protest about cement profits.**

* * *

**Background to the great food-growing campaign is Government co-operation in producing a new and powerful fertiliser from a chemical product known as "heavy ammonia."**

* * *

**Metropolitan Police Laboratory has found new method for quickly identifying bloodstains; detective technique in every country will be modified.**

* * *

**Bogus charities are making desperate last hold-ups before the new charity law comes into force—and are reaping fortunes.**

### —AND ABROAD

**M. Flandin, French ex-Minister, is acting as Mussolini's go-between in a plan for an agreement regarding Tunisia. It would grant Italians greater privileges but not cede any territory.**

* * *

**IRREGULAR TROOPS ARE HARASSING THE ITALIANS IN NORTHERN ALBANIA; ALL NICKEL CURRENCY HAS BEEN SENT TO ITALY AND REPLACED BY ALUMINIUM COINS.**

* * *

**THE AXIS IS TO OFFER BULGARIA BIG TRADE CONCESSIONS IN RETURN FOR MILITARY BASES THAT WOULD THREATEN RUMANIA AND GREECE. TROOPS WOULD BE TRANSPORTED VIA THE BLACK SEA.**

* * *

**British manufacturers dependent on Germany for spare machine parts cannot obtain supplies. Reason: Attempt to hold up our rearmament.**

* * *

**Why Nazi propaganda has suddenly become rampant in Iceland: It is planned to use that country as an air and submarine base.**

* * *

**School for spies has been opened in Hamburg. Most of the pupils are women: already there are 300 Nazi women agents in Egypt.**

* * *

**GERMAN AEROPLANES AND ARMS ARE BEING EXPORTED WITHOUT SPARE PARTS—SO THAT CUSTOMER COUNTRIES WILL REMAIN DEPENDENT ON GERMAN SUPPLIES.**

* * *

**Turkish merchants ordering cotton goods from Germany are receiving wood substitutes on which they have to pay double duty. This is reprisal for the Anglo-Turkish agreement.**

* * *

**Dr. Goebbels has climbed back into Herr Hitler's favour by his tremendous "British encirclement" propaganda campaign.**

* * *

**Professor Einstein, in gratitude for being given sanctuary in America, has given U.S.A. Government four secret patents for heavy gun sights.**

* * *

**These reduce margin of error in firing from 20 per cent. to 2 per cent.**

* * *

**M. Titulesco, Rumanian statesman, who was mysteriously poisoned two years ago, is being violently attacked in German Press—and is being shadowed by men believed to be Nazi agents.**

*Her Royal Highness's fashions are causing a friendly war between London and Paris*

# Fairplay for the Nation's Defenders!

## —We Continue Our Campaign

IN the past week a series of important concessions has been made by the Government following JOHN BULL'S sustained campaign to get fair play for militiamen and men in the reserve and auxiliary Forces.

These guarantees of more just and generous treatment have matured because JOHN BULL'S readers have taken full advantage of the new Free Advice Department which this journal has set up to deal with the problems, worries and grievances of the Service men and their families.

More than anything else, it is their letters that have made the authorities realise the pressing need for reforms.

**The War Office, the Ministry of Labour and the other Government offices concerned frankly admit that, in great measure, they were unaware of the domestic and business hardships likely to be caused by compulsory training until JOHN BULL gave them an analysis of the first-hand evidence which has reached its Free Advice Department.**

* * *

But the concessions announced in the last few days, far-reaching though they are, do not nearly come up to the standards that are necessary—standards for which JOHN BULL will continue to fight.

In the main, most of the principles we laid down as an essential minimum for the protection of homes, goods, and agreements while the men are on service have now been admitted.

Every possible effort to remedy the many defects in the application of those principles will now be made by Parliamentary action.

**WE ARE IN DAILY CONTACT WITH A NUMBER OF INFLUENTIAL M.P.S WHO ARE UNDERTAKING TO FIGHT FOR EACH OF OUR DEMANDS WHEN THE NEW ORDERS ARE DISCUSSED AT WESTMINSTER.**

* * *

Whatever may be the outcome, we shall not cease our independent agitation until the Cabinet considerably increases allowances to the families and dependants of militiamen, and grants allowances to the dependants of Reservists and Territorials.

**The family-allowances proposals are quite inadequate. In assessing them, the Government has scarcely departed from the low levels of the unemployment Means Test.**

This week the War Office informed us that it is prepared to make important new provisions for Reservists whose dependants—other than wives and children—would suffer seriously. This decision was reached after we had privately put before the Department our information about possible tragic consequences.

**THESE MEN CAN NOW APPLY TO THE OFFICERS IN CHARGE OF THEIR REGIMENTAL RECORD OFFICES FOR SUSPENSION OF THEIR LIABILITY TO SERVE.**

They must expect, of course, to have their cases investigated and confirmed —by the local police or other reliable agencies.

Another injustice which must be righted is being done to many Territorials now called up for defence duties.

There is no method at all so far by which they can obtain any allowances for their dependants—usually parents or grandparents who ordinarily rely on them for support.

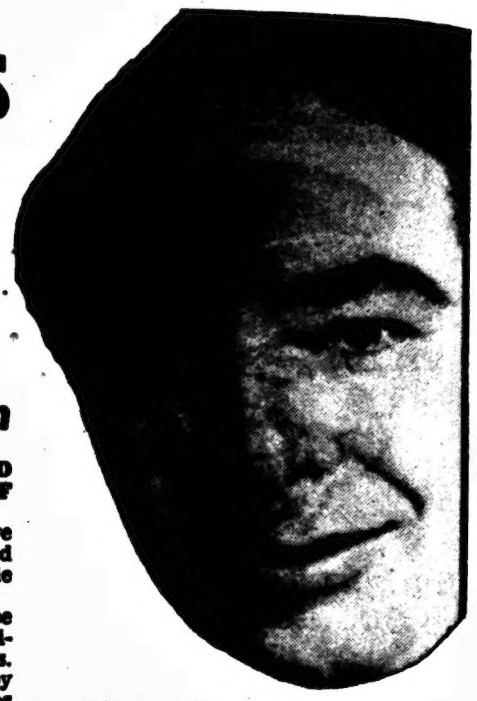
* * *

JOHN BULL insists that there shall be proper protection for them, too.

**But our biggest effort, for the moment, is focussed on the possible plight of tens of thousands of militiamen who maintain themselves and their dependants by one-man businesses.**

We demand that, when the case justifies it, the man concerned shall either be brought within the total-exemption clauses of the Military Training Act, or receive compensation for the disappearance of his business, so that he may be able to start again when his service is completed.

Further, it is daily becoming clearer that there must be big improvement in militiamen's pay.



*Mr. Hore-Belisha will find nothing to smile about in the cases we champion on this page*

Most of the men are now realising, from the extent to which they will have to make substantial allotments to families and dependants, how insufficient will be the intended rate of 1s. 6d. per day.

**IT SHOULD NOT BE LESS THAN THAT OF THE REGULAR FORCES. WE ARE PRESSING FOR IT TO BE RAISED BY AT LEAST ONE-THIRD.**

---

**If anyone is in doubt on any point, send particulars, as concisely as possible, to: Free Advice Department, "John Bull," 92, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking envelope "Services" in top left-hand corner. Please also enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply.**

*continuing Straight from the Shoulder*

- ***New Nazi Purge***
- ***Bad for Bright Boys***
- ***Radio Ban Sensation***

control of Nazi General Engelbrecht, and the Slovakian Government is taking orders from Nazi General Barckhausen.

### Why ?

Moreover, an entire German army command has pitched its headquarters in the "special zone" of Slovakia which Germany has fully occupied, and which borders Poland.

Troops there include the only four divisions of the Nazi army which are fully motorised.

### Another Purge

Lastly, we can reveal that five generals and about thirty other senior officers have been dismissed by Herr Hitler on the advice of Himmler, chief of the Secret Police.

All were opposed to the Nazi theory of a "lightning war."

### Lords in Revolt

In Britain, plans are being laid for a more useful form of warfare.

The House of Lords—by which we mean its less drowsy members—is determined to go on attacking the Government's callous attitude towards the problem of road deaths.

Now under discussion is a scheme by which the subject would be raised every week, in the hope that a few more defeats would induce the Cabinet to spend money on making the roads safe.

So let us pay homage to their lordships.

### Swollen Profits

Ministers have another thorn in their rather tough hides—Mr. R. R. Stokes, M.P., who is one of the biggest engineering employers in Britain.

He has told the Commons of an arms contractor who was officially informed that his price was too low, but that if he raised it by 50 per cent. he could have the order.

Mr. Stokes also alleges that certain parts of A.R.P. shelters are being made for £14 a ton, whereas the Government pays £22 a ton, and so on.

### Funeral Pace

These disclosures are arousing discontent among Government supporters, who want to know whether the much-vaunted Ministry of Supply will be set up before all the arms orders have been allocated.

Actually, the organisation of that watchdog Ministry is proceeding as fast as a legless tortoise; one Conservative M.P. is openly declaring that it is merely intended to be a sop to public opinion.

### New Deal

Much quicker in getting off the mark is the campaign for a £2-a-week minimum wage for working women.

Launched by the Transport and General Workers' Union, it should make the week's brightest news for the thousands of factory women who earn only 26s. to 34s. for five and a half days' toil.

And, as we suspect that a large proportion of Britain's 7,000,000 women workers is underpaid, we hope the campaign will grow into the biggest movement of its kind.

### Glamour !

Its need is emphasised by an advertisement just brought to our notice. A Blackpool holiday camp wants two "glamour girls" who can play the saxophone and drums in a dance band, assist at table and act as hostesses.

Terms: full board and lodging, 15s. a week wages.

If dance musicians worked for 15s. a week they would be underpaid. So would waitresses. So would dancing partners.

When a girl has to do all three jobs for that sweated pittance it becomes one of the worst scandals of the seaside.

### Too Dear

We feel angry contempt, too, for the system that victimises so many parents of clever children—the school clothing racket.

So we welcome the protest of Alderman Dack, of the North Riding Education Committee, who tells of scholarship children being charged 27s. 6d. for school blazers and similarly high prices for special gymnasium, football and cricket clothing.

### Keeping Them Down

We know that in certain other places headmasters obtain a "rake-off" from the school clothiers. And we know the inexcusable hardships which many poor parents are therefore forced to undergo.

Yet this is a minor evil compared with the flagrant class barriers that prevent thousands of bright youngsters from attending secondary schools.

This year's examination for scholarships will be more rigorous than ever before.

### Bright Boys

The brains standard of elementary schoolchildren is now so high, and "free" places in secondary schools so few, that the test questions must be made extraordinarily difficult.

Otherwise, you see, the higher schools would be filled with scholarship children. And there'd be no room for the duller youngsters whose parents can pay the school fees.

### Unfair

We need not tell you that JOHN BULL regards this system as abominable and against the country's best interest.

We remind you of it because, though this year's examinations are still a good way ahead, we are already receiving protesting letters from public-spirited teachers.

If only they would get together, we fancy, they could really fight for reforms —and win.

### Hypocrisy

Officialdom, fortunately, is getting worried by the growing indignation directed against a great social scandal that JOHN BULL has been attacking year in and year out.

Lord Horder's caustic criticism of the "hypocrisy" of preaching health to poverty-stricken people and his blame for our statesmen are the latest of many recent protests from doctors and scientists.

Attempts have been made privately to placate some of the critics, but without success.

### Broadcast Ban

No more big fight wireless broadcasts unless the B.B.C. pays heavily for the privilege! In future the broadcast fee will be fixed in proportion to the purse offered to the boxers. Hitherto the fee has been a flat-rate one.

Promoters also intend to sell the television of fights to their own paying public. There will be no more television reproduction of fights to cinema theatres.

If, for instance, there is a televised fight at the White City, London, the public reproduction will be given only at the Wembley and Harringay arenas.

And there will be television only when the tickets for the actual fight have sold well.

# Three Warnings

## NO WAR OF WORDS

ALL the brightest brains in the Foreign Office and in those twilight regions between the Cabinet Room and Whitehall are trying to solve a riddle.

This is it: How can we convince the "ordinary German," beyond the possibility of denial, that Britain is not trying to strangle Germany, is piling up arms only to resist aggression, and wants above all to settle European quarrels round a table?

In this cause, a Foreign Publicity Department has been created, with Lord Perth in command.

The public is promised that its duties will be limited, and that no high-pressure propaganda campaign is contemplated.

**NEVERTHELESS, UNEASINESS WILL BE FELT. A FOREIGN PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT CAN SO EASILY BECOME A FOREIGN PROVOCATION DEPARTMENT EVEN WITHOUT MEANING TO BE.**

In a totalitarian country, the leaders, not the people, decide the issues.

And the leaders of Germany are already well aware of Britain's policy and aims.

By pumping propaganda — however restrained—across the Rhine we shall actually be helping to develop the so-called "White War."

We shall step back towards the poison-laden days of 1914-18.

And this at a time when the first rays of sanity have been gleaming over the dark international scene—when proposals for the world conference JOHN BULL has long advocated are at last being made!

It is of no use to plead that "lies" must be answered. Recriminations shouted across frontiers will get us nowhere.

WE have escaped the danger of a peace-time Ministry of Information with its threat to the freedom of the Press.

In congratulating the Government on its wisdom in avoiding that pitfall, however, we warn it not to allow the Foreign Office's new department to develop into a shadow Ministry of Information.

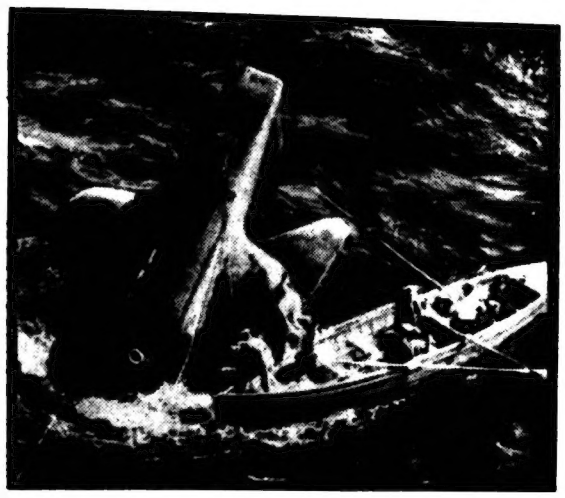
The prime task of this Government is to stabilise peace, not to engage in a war of words.

And the creation of a foreign publicity department will inevitably arouse the suspicion abroad that this country is to seek the "enlightenment" of the Axis peoples.

Such a task is not our business. It can only lead to misrepresentation of our purpose.

**WE URGE THE CABINET, THEREFORE, TO RESTRICT THE NEW DEPARTMENT TO A PLAIN NEWS SERVICE, TO AVOID BOMBARDING FOREIGN COUNTRIES WITH ANYTHING SAVOURING OF ANTI-GERMAN OR ANTI-ITALIAN PROPAGANDA, AND TO PURSUE INSTEAD THE ONLY POLICY THAT CAN SERVE THE REAL INTERESTS OF PEACE AND INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP.**

A policy which should have as its first aim just this—to get the leaders of all the nations to the only place where words will be of use: around a council table.



*Rescuers fixing cables to the stern of the "Thetis." Soon after, at high tide, the vessel was engulfed*

## "Thetis" Fund Doubts

MORE than £70,000 has been subscribed to the fund of the Lord Mayor of London for the dependants of those who lost their lives in the submarine *Thetis*.

The quick response to the appeal is a measure of the country's compassion for the bereaved.

In due course, the fund will be handed by the Lord Mayor into some agreed administration.

**AGAINST THAT TIME "JOHN BULL" ISSUES NOW AN EMPHATIC WARNING.**

There must be no scandalously delayed or niggardly distribution.

So often that has happened in the past.

There was the instance of the Rye Lifeboat Fund. The need was grievous. Whole families were without money.

**YET NOT UNTIL SIX MONTHS LATER WERE STEPS TAKEN TO FORM A TRUST DEED FOR THE REGULATION AND DISTRIBUTION OF THE £35,000 GIVEN ON BEHALF OF THE SUFFERERS BY THE PUBLIC.**

Muddle and confusion were profound, while the widows and children of the Rye lifeboatmen were at the point of starvation.

And there was the Gresford Pit Disaster Fund.

No less than £566,000 was subscribed by the nation. Again there was unaccountable delay in dealing with cases of distress.

Officials of the local Miners' Federation discovered that an attempt was being made to apply a form of "means test" in assessing the necessity of widows and orphans.

Many of the national funds in the past—after having been handed over by the Lord Mayor of London—have been dealt with in a scurvy, scandalous fashion — having no regard to the initial purpose of those funds.

What is more, with many funds there is still a substantial balance remaining "for ultimate distribution."

Years and years go by, and the trustees of the funds hold on to an unallotted surplus.

In relation to the *Thetis* Fund we give now an emphatic warning.

**THIS SCANDAL MUST NOT HAPPEN AGAIN.**

## PROTECT LABOUR!

NATIONAL Defence must not be used as an excuse to worsen working conditions.

JOHN BULL warns the Government that uneasiness will smoulder into discontent, that a powerful weapon will be placed in the hands of wage-cutting employers, if the ranks of skilled artisans are breached by armies of untrained men.

**WE SUPPORT THE DETERMINED STAND MADE BY THE AMALGAMATED ENGINEERING UNION AGAINST "DILUTION."**

We urge every union to be equally vigilant when considering official appeals for the speeding-up of rearmament plans.

No one doubts the imperative need for Britain to be strong in arms.

Every decent citizen is anxious to play a part in the building of the country's defences; the whole public is shouldering heavy tax burdens so that the task shall be accomplished.

Now comes a fresh appeal to the patriotism of industry's legions.

**BUT PATRIOTISM IS NOT ENOUGH. THERE SHOULD BE ASSURANCE THAT PATRIOTISM WILL NOT BE BETRAYED.**

It was betrayed during the Great War.

Our munition workers, willingly co-operating with unskilled labour, discovered in the end that they had left themselves defenceless. That will happen again if they do not insist upon stringent safeguards.

If a great mass of untrained labour is absorbed in highly skilled trades, wages and conditions will inevitably be slashed when the arms boom passes and unemployment mounts.

Moreover, there is as yet no shortage of skilled engineers. So there is no reason why they should be expected to work side by side with the unskilled.

But this does not mean that the unemployed should be bereft of hope.

Indeed, JOHN BULL pleads for "dilution"—in different circumstances.

**We want to see the Government intent not only on rearmament but on other public works. We want jobs provided for every workless man and woman.**

AND we know the trade unions would gladly co-operate—if they were convinced that never again would the tragedy of widespread unemployment be allowed to lie heavily over the land, and that adequately paid work would always be available.

They are not given that guarantee.

**WE WARN THE CABINET NOT TO INCUR THE OPPOSITION OF ORGANISED LABOUR AT A TIME WHEN NATIONAL UNITY IS ESSENTIAL.**

There must be no weakening of the position attained by the workers after bitter struggles and long negotiations.

There must be no attempt to impose "dilution" on an industry until all the skilled workers available are put into employment.

No disguised attempt to introduce cheap labour or longer working hours can or will be tolerated.

It is best that our rulers should realise this at once.

# Is Sacrifice Worth While?—Army Grouses—Hospital Follies

# Voice of the People

## Cosy Nest

**This is the house that Jack built and he did it all in a day. Made of mountain reeds thatched on to a framework of tree branches, it gives full protection from the bitterest wind. Jack has set up this home on a wild mountain road in North Wales. He makes his living by opening a gate across the road for motorists. In a fine week-end he makes enough out of tips to live on for a week or so.—F. Marriott, Birkenhead.**

THE School Leaving Age Bill comes into force in September. Are the railway and bus companies going to allow half fares for children up to fifteen years old then? "Holidays with Pay" give many more families a chance to get to the seaside this year.

The chance may disappear next year with children staying longer at school—unless the railway companies live up to their "square deal" slogan and give parents a little consideration.—E. F. H., Henley-on-Thames.

**Railways say: We have considered matter, but decision rests with Railway Rates Tribunal. Application to that Tribunal will have to be made when School Bill becomes law.**

## Lucky Dogs

Is it right for a man to risk his life for a dog? I think decidedly not.

If a man attempts to rescue an animal in a dangerous position and loses his life he may leave his wife and children penniless. Surely this is wrong?

Could not the animal be put out of its misery painlessly instead?—Miss Colling, 58, Bloomfield Road, Darlington, Co. Durham.

**There are not so many cases of human sacrifice as people think. Since R.S.P.C.A. began, in 1936, to give Wheatley Cross to relatives of those losing lives in rescuing animals there have been only six awards. But what do other readers think?**

## No Divorce

My wife has confessed that she has been unfaithful to me. Her lover also admits misconduct. Yet because they have not actually lived together and because there is no witness of their misconduct, I am informed by the Poor Persons' Legal Aid Department that they cannot help me to get a divorce.

If my wife does not take an order out against the other man I shall be legally responsible for *their* child. I suppose if I had plenty of money there would be no difficulty in getting a divorce. Is this British justice?—C., Hants.

**Courts require corroboration of adultery where only evidence is confession by guilty parties. A child born in wedlock is the child of husband and wife unless it is declared otherwise by proceedings in the High Court. Reader's wife cannot take out order against the man. These legal rulings are not affected by wealth or otherwise of parties.**

## Take Your Choice

I don't know the name of the village in which I live. It is midway between Doncaster and Barnsley, and approaching from Doncaster you see a sign calling the village Barnborough.

Yet half a mile away another sign proclaims Barnboro. On the Barnsley side a signpost points to Barnbrough, but a metal plate on a building close by says Barmborough.

Another sign outside the village reads Barnbro, but if you cross the road you are at Barnburgh Church. You have to put your money in Barmborough bank. The local bus company runs services to the village—one to Barnborough, the other to Barnboro.—J. W., Barmboro(?).

## Dead Letter

When I called at the Post Office for my old-age pension recently the clerk looked scared for a moment and then informed me that I was officially dead.

My wife's pension-book, which had been sent to the Ministry for inspection, came back on May 11 marked "Widow's Pension."

What an extraordinary blunder, and as I couldn't draw my pension for three weeks, what serious consequences it might have had.—E. G. Oldbury, 13, Golf Road, Hale, Altrincham.

**Mistake was due to a confusion of names.**

## Tribute

As one whose job includes the payment of Public Assistance I take off my hat to the poor for their honesty.

Last week when all payments had been made at the centre where I work we found we were ten shillings short. But we did not worry, for, as we expected, it turned up next day.

An old fellow had walked more than a mile to tell us he'd been given two notes stuck together.—James L. Crook, 55, Larkhill Street, Blackburn.

## Old Clo' for Terriers

I am a member of a recently formed R.A.M.C. Territorial Hospital at Cambridge. We are now being issued with equipment and some of mine is stamped 1916—three years before I was born.

And at the moment no two men have the same equipment. But the biggest disgrace is that we are provided with enamel mugs marked "Foreign."—R.A.M.C., Cambs.

**From Terriers all over the country JOHN BULL gets similar complaints. Many say their training is held up for weeks through shortage of necessary equipment.**

## Rude Awakening

Why are patients in our big public hospitals wakened as early as five in the morning? No matter whether they have been able to sleep or not, the hospital routine begins.

Sometimes a patient, worn out with pain, dozes off in the early hours and is wakened a few minutes later to be washed or to have his bed made.—J. Howitt, 46, Glenprisen Drive, Dundee.

**Doctors begin their ward visits round about 9 a.m. Everything must be ready by then. Real trouble is probably shortage of nurses as well as doctors. Doctors have to begin their day early to get work done; nurses cannot do everything in an hour.**

## Dictatorship?

Every day at the same time I drive the same lorry over the same ground with the same load to the same clients. My working hours are well within the maximum stipulated by the Ministry of Transport, yet I am compelled to keep a log-sheet giving the number of hours I work. I have just been fined a sum equal to a day's wages and I have lost a day's pay because I was one figure short on my log-sheet.

I have a clean licence and am a law-abiding citizen, but this log-sheet trouble seems like dictatorship to me.—H. J. Robinson, 45, Hereford Road, Nottingham.

**Purpose of the logs is an excellent one—to protect the public from over-tired—and therefore dangerous—drivers—but more than once we have protested against harshness in administering the law.**

## Service—or Exile?

I trust it will not be possible for rich young men to evade conscription by going to live on the Riviera or some other pleasant place abroad. If so, they should be publicly "posted" as deserters and punished when they return home.—D. H. M., Wolverhampton.

**Only alternative to military service for eligible men will be permanent exile. Military Training Bill says those abroad will be liable whenever they return to Britain.**

## Home Holiday

It's possible to enjoy a real holiday without ever leaving home. A friend of mine tried it recently. He got up at a different hour, bought himself little food luxuries, shopped in a different district.

He went to meetings, fêtes and shows he'd never have dreamt of visiting ordinarily. At the end of the week he had thoroughly enjoyed his change.—W. George, 65, Llewellyn Street, Pontygwaith, Rhondda.

## Slander!

Patriotic young women in the Duchy of Cornwall have been asked to enlist in the women's section of the T.A. But they have found a drawback.

The unit is named Cornish Auxiliary Territorial Service, and the initials are C.A.T.S.—Robert Lock, Clarence House, Clarence Road, Exmouth, Devon.

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● *We want to know what you are thinking about, what you've seen or done. So write to "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.*

# You've Asked for It!

***What is on YOUR Wants List? We asked readers to write and tell us. Here are some replies:***

I'd like to see a Minister for the Preservation of National Enthusiasm. Britain to-day is awake, determined. If peace is achieved, will she still be so in a few years? Or shall we have fallen back? This Minister of mine would keep alive the flame of national enthusiasm.—J. McD., Dundalk, Co. Louth, Ireland.

* * *

I want every main road made beautiful, as the authorities in my county propose. They are arranging for flowers and shrubs to be planted on the verges and centre strips of certain main roads.

Essex folk are helping by giving their surplus bulbs and plants. The Ministry of Transport is providing laburnum, lilac, cherry-blossom and other shrubs. That's the sort of thing I want to see everywhere.—H. W. Hall, 40, Clever Road, Custom House, London, E.16.

* * *

Let us have an eight-hour day for domestic servants and shop assistants; £1 a week old-age pension and compulsory retirement at sixty-five for all classes.—E. E. Woodcock, 23, St. Gregory's Road, Northolmes, Canterbury.

**One in every ten of the "Wants List" letters asks for £1 a week old-age pensions. One in every fifteen for eight-hour shop assistants' day.**

* * *

Teaching of politics in schools is a thing I want to see. Most of my school friends are interested, and when we have one of our rare mock elections we all enter into it heart and soul. Let us learn our own idea of voting and not just "follow father."—D. R. Edgecombe, 15, Duckworth Street, Stoke, Plymouth.

* * *

Wanted—a glimpse of the faces of those concerned when they read JOHN BULL's Open Letters. Also holidays-with-pay for everyone and a special greetings pay-packet once a year when the holidays come round.—W. H. Wentworth, 8, Ashgrove Avenue, West Hartlepool.

* * *

Penny-in-the-slot machines for collar-studs and bootlaces and England run by a Government of men and women all under the age of forty-five—that is what I want.—B. Wade, 54, Aldam Street, Darlington.

# Land of the Sinking Sun!

*Japanese troops marching into action. Time and again they expect to bring the Chinese to their knees. Always they fail.*

**A. G. Gardiner** says Japan has challenged Britain by blockading Tientsin because her position is desperate and the war-lords must gamble on swift success. He sees Japan as a

**NATION DOOMED TO DEFEAT.**

WHILE the tension in Europe is momentarily, but only momentarily, relaxed, the crisis in the Far East takes a more menacing turn.

The blockade of the British and French concessions at Tientsin and incidents like the murder of Mr. R. M. Tinkler and the arrest of Lieut.-Col. Spur and Major Law indicate a new and more provocative policy by Japan against this country.

How far this outbreak is prompted from Berlin we can only guess. But we know that the dictators pass the ball from hand to hand like skilful forwards at football.

And it suits Hitler's book very well that the interval in which he is plotting his next move should be filled up with new alarms for us in China.

Not that there is any need to look far afield for an explanation of Japan's latest throw for victory.

**HER POSITION IS DESPERATE, AND THE MORE DESPERATE IT BECOMES THE MORE THE MILITARY JUNTA THAT HAS HER IN ITS GRIP IS TEMPTED TO GAMBLE FOR A SWIFT DECISION.**

Two years have passed since the Japanese attack on China proper was launched and the end in view is more remote than it was on the day when Shanghai felt the first impact of the storm.

What was the object of the Japanese strategy? It was the same strategy that Hitler has in mind in Europe.

## Monstrous Crime

It aimed at delivering a "knock-out blow" which in a brief month or two would shatter the ill-equipped forces at Chiang Kai-Shek's command, break the moral of his people by an avalanche of frightfulness, plunge the country into civil war and bring the Government to its knees with prayers for peace at any price.

That was the calculation. It has not been realised.

**The blow has been delivered and for two years the world has stood by while the most monstrous crime in history has been perpetrated.**

Massacre has been done on a scale unheard-of in human annals. Horror has been piled on horror. Vast cities have been consumed in flames.

Whole populations have been driven in flight from their homes. The dead are numbered by millions and the afflicted by tens of millions.

Every savagery that the mind of fiends could conceive has been practised on China in order to spread terror and create the spirit of defeatism.

## United Still

**AND IT HAS ALL FAILED. IN SPITE OF THE SEAS OF BLOOD IT HAS SET FLOWING, THE KNOCK-OUT BLOW HAS FALLEN LIKE A DUD SHELL.**

Nay, more. It has had precisely the opposite effect of what was anticipated. To-day China stands unbroken and united as it has never been before in history.

Out of its agonies has been born a great and homogeneous nation. Out of its ashes has come the spirit of an heroic and indomitable people.

The armies that were to be scattered like chaff before the wind have grown to armies vastly more numerous, better organised and more formidable than those first encountered by the Japanese two years ago.

The Government has not fallen, nor has it sued for peace. It stands erect, unyielding, unafraid, with the whole nation behind it, more assured of victory than at any moment since the struggle began.

How has this miracle come about? Two things have been mainly responsible.

First, Japan's hideous orgy of barbarism has brought the whole Chinese people to a common purpose as nothing else could have done.

**IT HAS MADE A NATION—A NATION WITH A COMMON HERITAGE OF WRONGS AND SUFFERINGS THAT BODES ILL FOR JAPAN IN THE FUTURE.**

Second, in Chiang Kai-Shek China has produced one of the greatest figures in history—a man not unworthy to stand by Lincoln in the Valhalla of the world's immortals.

He and his brilliant wife—one of the famous Soong sisters who have done so much for the regeneration of China—have become symbols around which China has been reborn in this terrific baptism of fire.

So much for China. What of Japan? She has done her worst and she has failed. All her schemes have gone awry.

It is true that her navy commands the Chinese seas, that the Chinese ports are in her hands, that the ruins of a score of great cities are in her possession, that she controls the rivers and the railways, that her armies penetrate far into the interior of China.

**But she is bogged in a morass from which she cannot escape. Everywhere her armies are isolated and subject to the daily growing strain of ceaseless attack from the guerilla forces on her communications and her military posts.**

## Gold Going

She has broken neither the Government nor the armies. On the contrary, she has consolidated both.

She is embarked on an adventure to which there is no visible end but defeat. Poor at the beginning, and dependent on external resources and trade to keep going, she is now reduced to the last 20 millions of her gold reserve.

Her world trade has shrunk almost to vanishing point, and the discontents at home among her crowded and impoverished millions grow more clamant.

The war has never been popular. It has been organised by the war lords, who have seized power and who, like the Nazis in Europe, aim at universal conquest, beginning with the driving out of the white races, and especially the English, from the Far East and the establishment of Japanese imperialism over Asia and the Pacific.

## People Cowed

**NEITHER THE BUSINESS COMMUNITY NOR THE PEOPLE ARE IN SYMPATHY WITH THIS POLICY OF VIOLENCE, BUT, AS IN GERMANY, BOTH HAVE BEEN SUPPRESSED.**

The machine is in the hands of the Samurai, and under the tyranny of that machine the democratic forces and the great business interests have been cowed and quiescent.

But now that the war policy has failed, and the effects of it on the lives of the people and the trade of the country become apparent, the war lords are driven to more desperate measures in the hope of averting the fate that awaits them.

They are making their last gamble to bring China to her knees and to preserve their tyranny at home. They are taking the risk of open conflict with this country because our interests are peculiarly vulnerable to attack, and because the defence of them might lead to a general war in which Japan might hope to escape from the morass she is in.

**IT IS A DANGEROUS GAMBLE THAT MAY WELL INVOLVE AMERICA, WHICH IS AT LEAST AS MUCH INTERESTED IN THE PACIFIC AS WE ARE.**

Our duty is to stand firm and to bring all the influence we can to strengthen the resistance of China.

That country is fighting the battle of freedom for the whole world, and if she wins the effect of her victory will be felt as much in Europe as in Asia.

And she will win if the democratic Powers will do their duty and cut off the supplies without which Japan cannot long continue the war.

Above all, a firm understanding with Russia is vital to the future not only of China, but to the interests of all the white races in Asia.

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## *All for 6d.*

REMEMBER next Wednesday is publication day of "Summer Pie"—or better still, order a copy now, for there's bound to be a big demand.

The 1939 "Summer Pie," all profits from which will go to deserving charities, has long complete stories, brilliant illustrations and dozens of lively joke drawings in its 100 pages. And it costs only 6d.!

Noel Coward, P. C. Wren, Agatha Christie, Sydney Horler, H. de Vere Stacpoole, Will Scott, and Christine Jope-Slade are among the famous writers who contribute stories of mystery, adventure, romance and humour.

You'll be missing the summer's best sixpennyworth if you don't buy "Summer Pie" next Wednesday.

# Sir Wyndham Childs' Weekly Warnings

## 89, But Still Codging

HOTEL-KEEPERS in holiday resorts should keep their eyes open for a breezy white-haired man who goes by the name of Edward A. Watson.

About six feet tall, slim and well built, with a healthy pink complexion, he delights in confounding people about his age.

"I'm 89!" is his proud claim.

**If he is he must be pretty nearly the doyen of codgers—and a very live one at that.**

Arriving without a scrap of luggage at a Rye, Sussex, hotel, he not only skipped off without paying his bill, but also borrowed money from the proprietor!

His story was he had left his luggage at Hastings and had merely come on to Rye to see his mother's grave.

Then he got talking to guests at the hotel and decided to stay a few days.

Jovial and confiding, he let it be known that he possessed £27,000 and a good deal of property.

Eccentric, too, because, he explained, he drew money from a Post Office savings account for his immediate needs.

That was the ruse he used to borrow money from the hotel-keeper. The latter's son went with him to the Post Office to fill in a form to withdraw £100.

By the time it was returned because no account could be traced the charming old man had vanished.

# "Bible of Knowledge" Ramp

**THE Encyclopædia Britannica was founded in 1786, and the position which it achieved was almost as sacred as that of the family Bible.**

**Eleven years ago I was approached by the Editor, who asked me if I would consent to write an article on Military Law for enclosure in the Encyclopædia.**

**I gladly assented and my contribution duly appeared.**

**I was offered generous remuneration, but refused to accept any because it was a pleasure for me to write for a publication which I had revered from the days of my childhood.**

**Conditions and circumstances have changed, I fear.**

**My recent exposures of the Consolidated World Research Society, Limited, in our edition of June 3 last, following previous exposures, have resulted in a large number of complaints that almost precisely similar methods of salesmanship have been employed by the travellers and officials of the Encyclopædia Britannica.**

**I find it almost incredible that a publication with such an honourable name and history can countenance such methods.**

**They betray the high-power salesmanship of the American "drummer" who (in the words of that valued contemporary of ours, *Truth*) boasts that he can "sell ice to an Eskimo"!**

* * *

The reason is not very far to seek! I recently caused search to be made of the present composition and share capital of the Encyclopædia Britannica.

It consists of 20,000 £1 shares, and of these 19,704 are held by two Americans—one Elkan Harrison Powell, of Illinois, U.S.A., and the other Franklin H. Hooper, of New Jersey, U.S.A.

Before me is a letter which runs as follows:

*"After the help I have received from your articles on the necessary care required in everyday dealings I did not think I was ever likely to be a victim.*

*"However, your article in* JOHN BULL *of June 3, 1939, 'Impudent World Research Snare,' might have been written at my dictation, only the firm who tricked me was not the one mentioned, but the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' of Soho Square, London.*

*"The lady who first called was a Miss ——, whose card informed me she was of the 'Research Department.'*

*"She explained to me exactly as you say that the Encyclopædia Britannica were intending to give one or two complete sets of the Encyclopædia Britannica in this district purely as an advertisement, as they had found this method paid them better than newspaper advertisements.*

*"She informed me she would put my name forward as a suitable person to receive a free set, but, of course, she could not guarantee I would be selected by the directors of Encyclopædia Britannica as one of the lucky ones.*

*"I thought no more of this, but about two weeks afterwards I had a 'phone call at my office from a Mr. ——, a representative of the Encyclopædia Britannica, to say I had been one of the lucky ones, and he would call on me.*

*"After he had showered his congratulations on me, I asked him 'what the catch was.' He said there was no catch—that I was to receive a complete set of the Encyclopædia Britannica as a gift."*

* * *

**Then, as usual, out comes the form, and before you know where you are, you've committed yourself for £30 or so.**

**I have had many more letters which disclose clearly that this is the system employed nowadays by travellers to dispose of the Encyclopædia Britannica "founded in 1768."**

Is it not too contemptible to employ a woman (who alleges she is of the "Research Department") to call on people and inform them that she would "put their names forward" as a "suitable person" to receive a "free gift set"—but, of course, she could not "guarantee" that they would be selected by the directors as one of the lucky ones?

It may well be that the Encyclopædia Britannica, as a publication, is as valuable as it used to be.

But, if such be the case, what need is there to attempt this system, which, in the words of the lady who first arrives to dangle the bait, "they had found paid them *better* than newspaper advertisements"!

There have been peremptory demands with the alternative that the matter will be placed in the hands of the solicitors of the company for the recovery of the debt, under the contract.

But as far as I am aware, no county court judge has as yet had the opportunity of expressing his views on the matter. This I shall await with interest.

I should have thought that the reputation of the Encyclopædia Britannica would be likely to be sullied by such methods of salesmanship.

> ***"I find it almost incredible that a publication with such an honourable name and history can countenance such methods."***

# PHILANTHROPIST!

ADVERTISERS for jobs should be on their guard against letters they may receive from Edward C. Hennequin, of 24, Holborn, London, E.C.

"It is a heart-breaking business to find a job under present chaotic conditions," he wrote to a Wellingborough man.

"Commercial firms think they can, and often do, get men of good education and experience at a flapper's wage.

"Would it not be better to try and start something on your own and get the full benefit of your efforts?"

* * *

Then Mr. Hennequin states profoundly that to make money these days you have to have something no one else has got.

"I have that SOMETHING," he snaps.

**"John Bull" has known this gushing philanthropist for years and I advise you to waste no time in putting his letters in the waste-paper basket.**

* * *

For long he imposed on the unwary with his gambling schemes by which he professed he could make fortunes on the Continent. All he did with the money entrusted to him was to gamble and lose it at roulette tables.

Once, when seeking investments by representing that he was making large profits with clock-like regularity, he was at the same time sending out pathetic letters asking for assistance because he had been left stranded by his employers!

# Major's Queer Fund

PUT Major Henry Rippon Seymour and his Ex-Service Publicity Bureau, of Cannon Street, London, E.C., on your caution list.

It is an impertinence for him to make the cause of ex-soldiers and sailors his own.

His case is that he finds work for them addressing envelopes and so on, but he also asks for subscriptions, particularly from business firms, to organise his bureau.

**That has been his tale for nearly two years, and he still has no properly constituted committee of responsible people to administer the fund.**

His bureau, in fact, is just a business which is registered in Seymour's name, and he alone controls the money he is collecting.

None of the recognised organisations for helping ex-Service men has anything to do with his activities.

That's not to be wondered at, because he has been convicted for falsely representing himself to have been awarded the Distinguished Service Order.

* * *

At one time, too, he was "president" of a group called the National Fascisti, which was unable to pay not only the rent of its headquarters, but even for the black shirts supplied to members.

The whole affair disappeared in debt after Seymour, who assumed the rank of Lt.-Col. in this organisation, had been convicted for menacing an associate with a revolver.

## Public Benefactor

**Mr. Michael O'Dea, of 162, Bandon Road, Cork, secures the £1 1s. this week for keeping me advised about an interesting case.**

**Readers in all parts of the country can help me tremendously by sending me details of any injustice, scandal or trickery that comes to their notice.**

**Mark your envelopes: Public Benefactor.**

# Sham Millionaire's Amazing Bluff

**ORDERS for £16,000 yachts are not too plentiful these days.**

**So when a prosperous-looking man called recently at the London office of a firm of shipbuilders and said he wanted one, he was welcomed like a ray of spring sunshine.**

Of medium height and bearing a striking resemblance to the Duke of Gloucester, he gave the name of G. C. Leyland-Naylor.

He knew just what he wanted and furnished the most expert and detailed particulars of construction.

Every subsequent interview confirmed the impression that here was a man to whom expensive yachts were just everyday playthings.

That was why his casual remark that he had had a different Rolls-Royce car every year for the last 19 years did not appear particularly remarkable.

It seemed quite natural, too, that he should, as he said, have a country seat —Kitsbury, near Berkhamstead.

**But when his ever-growing stories rose to a claim of intimate acquaintance with members of the Royal Family, the man who was dealing with him did begin to be a little suspicious.**

His doubts took definite shape when he found that there was no large country house named Kitsbury near Berkhamstead.

* * *

A whole district is known as Kitsbury. There is a Kitsbury Terrace, and it was to one of the houses in this row that letters had been delivered to a man in the name of Charles.

In the end it was discovered that "G. E. Leyland-Naylor" and "Charles" were one and the same person—and none other than the notorious Gore Crellin, who some years ago, with scarcely a penny in his pocket, placed worthless orders for nearly £1,000,000.

He has apparently lost none of the astonishing skill with which he then hoaxed big firms of shipbuilders and motor-car dealers.

While his parents were living in a humble way in a London suburb, Crellin —Gore was just a prefix he added himself—was impressing hard-headed business men with his imposing plans for revolutionising transport and hotels in this country.

* * *

For a long time he succeeded in keeping up the complete myth that he was being backed by men of standing and wealth.

**In a draft prospectus for one big Trust he calmly used the names of an eminent solicitor and a peer as directors. They knew nothing about it!**

He went to Liverpool, stayed there in grand style, and discussed an order for a fleet of fast and palatial oil-burning vessels for cross-Channel service.

Because there was delay in completing arrangements, he offered the shipbuilders an order for a £65,000 yacht for the Duke of Sutherland.

When eventually inquiries were made, the Duke, it was found, knew nothing whatever about it.

Then Crellin placed an order with a London firm for 18 £500 cars.

After being entertained at Cowes, he promised to buy two yachts for £200,000.

There seemed no end to the prodigal financial escapades of this Crœsus in a bubble.

In those days he almost invariably wore a brown suit and a hard bowler hat that was too big for him. But it was considered merely the eccentricity of a rich man who did not have to bother how he dressed.

**Recently he has been much more particular about his clothes. He has shaved off his moustache and frequently wears a monocle.**

It was this changed appearance and his assumed name that helped him to carry his last yacht-buying fiasco to the point where the shipbuilders were ready to start work.

The agent who was negotiating the order at one time accepted his bona fides so completely that he introduced him to a wealthy man who wanted to sell his large London house.

Mr. "G. E. Leyland-Naylor" said it was just what he was looking for!

A few months before, I now discover, he had placed an order with another shipbuilding firm for a £35,000 yacht in his other assumed name of "Charles."

Behind it all seems to have been some wild idea of establishing a Yachting Centre. He sounded one man about a proposal for forming a company.

**When all his dreamland deals were exploded some years ago he told a reporter that he had a big brain.**

**"'I am a twin," he said, "and I was given all the brains."**

As a boy he went to a London County Council school and afterwards learned draughtsmanship at a trade school.

During the War he worked in a power station, and it was not long afterwards, when he was barely nineteen, that he began to create his amazing pose as a financial giant.

* * *

Sometimes he even went as far as calling himself the Hon. George Charles Gore Crellin.

After my last exposure of him about five years ago, when he wormed his way to the control of the funds of a political organisation, I thought we had heard the end of him.

But apparently he still has Big Ideas, so watch out for him.

*The Duke of Sutherland, for whom Crellin once ordered a £65,000 yacht without the Duke knowing anything at all about it.*

# Bogus Monk Trapped

**IRELAND has just been astonished by the adventures of a man posing as the Rev. John Brown, a monk, who had escaped from a monastery near London.**

He was charged at the Central Criminal Court, Dublin, with obtaining £463 from a widow by false pretences, and was sent to jail for eighteen months.

Behind this latest masquerade there is a long trail of daring deceptions, generally in the guise of a parson of some kind.

**His real name is Norman Dobson, and before he started out on his career as a crook he was a mechanic at Bradford, Yorks.**

Time and again I have exposed him and he has been to jail often, but always he returned to his old game.

* * *

His favourite trick was to propose marriage to the women he swindled, and his convictions include one for bigamy.

The story he told in Ireland was that he had been twenty years in the monastery from which he was supposed to have escaped.

He was lecturing in a hostel when he met the widow he robbed. She received the usual proposal of marriage, and when all arrangements for the wedding were made Dobson disappeared.

# Auntie's In The Know

**RIGHT from auntie's mouth seems to be the motto of a new tipster, C. Colman-Cox, of Burton Road, Brixton, London.**

That's one of the reasons, he says, why he is not like some of his fraternity who profess to give certain winners.

His aunt, he explains, owns a large boarding-house at Newmarket for jockeys and trainers only, and about twice a week she sends him information.

**Very generously comes the offer to pass this on by letter twice weekly—all for £1 to cover cost of postage for the season.**

Since the actual cost of postage would be about 6s., each transaction will show a nice little profit.

While not claiming that all auntie's tips are certainties, Mr. Colman-Cox says "the results are indeed surprising."

I'm sure they are.

# Watch 'Em

**SNOWBALLS** are rolling from across the seas now.

Householders over here are receiving circulars from the Confederation Circle Club, of Port Elizabeth, South Africa, saying they have been accepted as "qualified members" and promising they will receive a postal order for 15s. if they secure two further 10s. members.

The "opportunities and guarantees" members are offered are not specified.

* * *

**YOUR** own business and a good weekly income, without any previous experience, is the fabulous inducement held out by B. Shepherd, of Rowdowns Road, Dagenham Essex.

Of course, 2s. must be sent for details of this wonderful secret—that is if anyone is foolish enough to imagine that it is anything more than the old homework delusion.

* * *

**NEWEST** trick by two doorstep pests is to inform a housewife that a rain pipe is blocked and offer to put it right for £1 1s.

In Middlesex, where they have been busy, it was found that they had stuffed paper into pipes!

* * *

**VARIATION** of the guide-book racket, which I again exposed last week, is that lists of holiday apartments will be exhibited in staff rooms at large stores for a fee of £2 10s.

Canvassers are scouring Devon just now.

Don't sign a form or hand over a penny without consulting your local publicity officer.

I shall have some more to say about this subject next week.

* * *

**FROM** Tideswell Road, London, S.W., "Stella," who offers to read your hand for 1s. or both for 1s. 6d., sends out sheets of paper for impressions to be taken

"Grease the hand slightly with cold cream and place it in the square provided," is her instruction.

If you like parlour games go ahead, but I could suggest many more amusing ways of throwing away 1s. 6d.

* * *

**THE** old wallpaper ramp is bobbing up again.

You know about the ingratiating man who has been given permission by his Boss to sell some rolls of paper left over after papering a house nearby.

Skilfully wrapped up it looks a bargain for 2s. 6d. until opened and found to be a collection of worthless scrap pieces.

One man has just been caught and sent to jail in Lancashire and the police are now looking for his very active confederate.

# An Impudent Youngster

**GERALD PAGET ELLIS, of Sussex Place, Bath Road, Slough, is only seventeen, but he has old ideas.**

As promoter of what he called the British Deanna Durbin Fan Club, he has been receiving 3s. 6d. subscriptions from prospective members who were promised a photograph of the pretty young film star.

**Many of them, however, are not only still waiting for the picture, but they have not even received an acknowledgment of the money forwarded.**

When I received complaints and made enquiries, I was surprised to find that this mere boy was behind the whole scheme.

He has organised dances in connection with the Club and still owes accounts for the hire of halls and the payment of bandsmen he engaged.

The excuse was that he had lost money on the dances and he promised that he would pay.

When asked what right he had to use the film star's name for his venture he produced a signed photograph of Miss Durbin.

And that appears to be the only semblance of authority for trading on the name.

**It appears, too, that when he has sent out pictures he has done so without obtaining any permission from the Film Company which owns the copyright.**

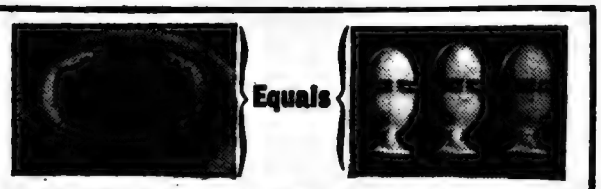
Pretty cool impudence!

The boy's mother told my representative that her son is no longer carrying on the club.

But what about the people who have sent subscriptions and received nothing in return?

# THESE BUSY PEOPLE STICK TO THE *30-Second Breakfast*

*It's crisp, delicious, nourishing—it's packed with energy—and it's a grand help to the housewife because it saves her time and trouble*




**SCIENTIFIC PROOF of the great energy-giving power of the "30-Second Breakfast"**

An analysis made at a leading dietetic laboratory shows that a bowl of Kellogg's with milk and sugar has more energy value than 3 eggs. (Bowl of Kellogg's 223.26 calories. 3 average eggs 210 calories.) That is why busy workers everywhere find the 30-second breakfast so sustaining.

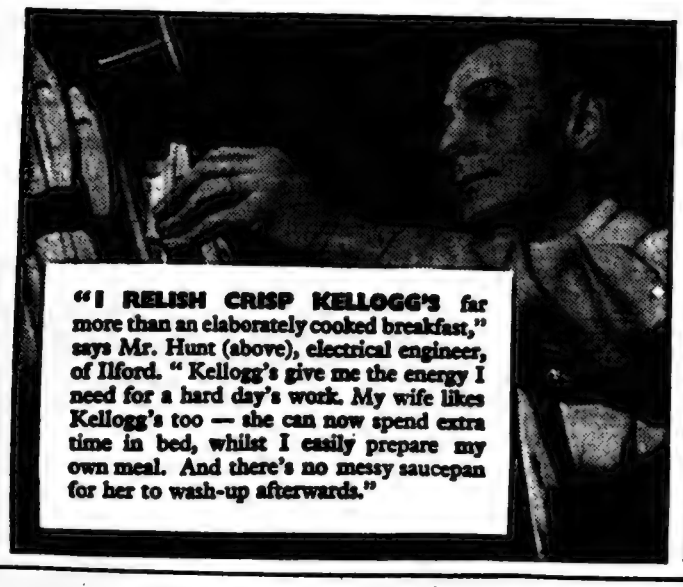
IT'S grand to start the day feeling fit and full of energy. And the secret is to eat energy-giving Kellogg's — the most delicious breakfast you can serve!

Everyone is enthusiastic about Kellogg's! Those big golden-brown flakes are so crisp that even the thought of them makes your mouth water. And that delicious crispness doesn't wear off — it's protected by a special "Waxtite" wrapper *inside* the packet.

You'll find, too, that Kellogg's are light and easy to digest. And they're quick and easy to serve — you pour them straight from packet to plate. No cooking, no messy saucepan to wash-up. What's more, you save on gas bills.

Tomorrow morning, start *your* family off with a delicious energy-giving 30-second breakfast. You'll be thrilled with the time it saves you — and they'll be thrilled with the sheer delight of crisp Kellogg's. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's.

**FULL-TIME JOB, BUT—**
Washing and ironing for a husband and four children is in itself a full-time job, yet it's only a part of the work Mrs. Marsden of Liverpool (above) has to do. "But I don't worry," she says, "so long as we all keep well. We start the day with Kellogg's, and you've no idea how splendid they are for energy value! Then, too, they save me time in the morning because they need no cooking. I can get the children off to school in good time and get down to the rest of the work."



**"I RELISH CRISP KELLOGG'S** far more than an elaborately cooked breakfast," says Mr. Hunt (above), electrical engineer, of Ilford. "Kellogg's give me the energy I need for a hard day's work. My wife likes Kellogg's too — she can now spend extra time in bed, whilst I easily prepare my own meal. And there's no messy saucepan for her to wash-up afterwards."

**BREAKFAST ALWAYS ON TIME**
Here is Mrs. Snell of Leicester serving the family breakfast. "I have a husband to get off to business and two children for school every morning," says Mrs. Snell, "so you can imagine what a help the 30-second breakfast is to me! What's more, it's the best value for money I know — it's so full of energy."

*Start the day with the 30-Second Breakfast*

**10 Big Breakfasts in the Big Family Packet**

## NEWS IN THIS WEEK'S ADVERTISEMENTS

Here are some interesting offers which readers of "John Bull" should not overlook:—

A crisp, delicious, nourishing breakfast, which only takes 30 seconds to prepare. (PAGE FOURTEEN).

How to keep your teeth fit and a healthy freshness in your mouth. (PAGES TWENTY-FOUR & THIRTY-THREE).

An excellent Burgundy which improves your appetite and ensures getting plenty of iron into the blood. (PAGE TWENTY-FOUR).

Finish with the drudgery of old-fashioned wringing methods. Find out about a Portable Wringer—Mangle—Cleaner—all in one! (PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN).

How to get better shaves without a brush than you ever got with one. (PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT).

How to tone up the liver and feel refreshed, invigorated and brimful of energy. (PAGES TWENTY-NINE & FORTY-ONE).

Soothe and tone up your skin by using a famous olive oil soap. (PAGE TWENTY-NINE).

A cool, sparkling, delicious Cider which all the family will enjoy—and five full glasses to the big flagon. (PAGE THIRTY-ONE).

A powder-cream which stays on for hours. (PAGE THIRTY-THREE).

**GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value**

Graves 'VULCAN' 4-Valve Battery
**THREE-WAVEBAND SUPERHET**
**is the World's greatest Radio success.**

This marvellous scientific triumph is available for every home—Full range of reception from Short, Medium and Long-wave stations; clearest reproduction of Musical performances, Entertainments, Sports events, World-wide News and actual voices of the most interesting speakers and personalities. This magnificent full size Walnut Set compares favourably with Sets at double price, and is offered on the most beneficial terms without extra charge. Backed by the Graves 40 years' reputation, on the fullest approval, for 5/6 now, and 5/6 monthly. Nothing else to buy. Total Price **£6:17:6**

**WE OFFER EXCHANGE PRICE FOR OLD SETS**

Write for Illustrated Catalogue and full specifications of the latest A.C. Mains & Battery [illegible] Post Free.

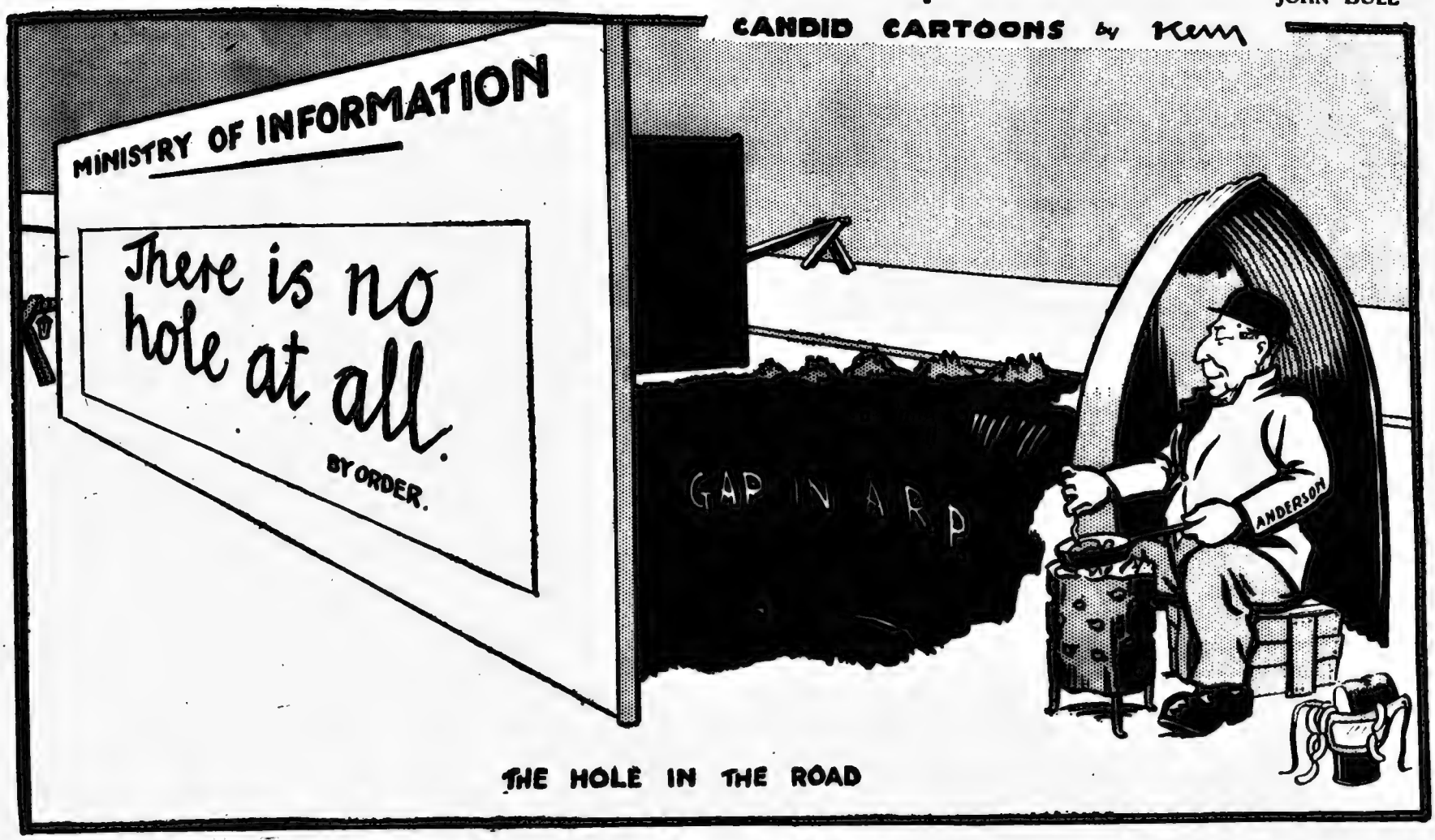
**J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD**

**GAS**

**CRACKS NUTS!**

Just invented by California's gigantic walnut industry is an extraordinary machine capable of cracking hundreds of pounds of nuts an hour—by exploding them with gas! You can read all about this wonderful new invention that will save millions of dollars, in the June "Armchair Science," now on sale everywhere. "Armchair Science" brings you all the latest discoveries of scientists, explorers, engineers, from all over the world, explained in simple, non-technical language. The 100-page June issue contains 31 articles and features, 66 photographs, diagrams and drawings. Don't miss Test-Tube Babies; Exploring Stars; Fighting the Noise Demon, etc. Get your copy to-day!

**ARMCHAIR SCIENCE . 6D.**




THE HOLE IN THE ROAD

# OPEN LETTERS

## Rt. Hon. Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, M.P.,
### Secretary for Air

DEAR SIR,—Some of your jackanape officials need kicking.

They intend to "conscript" a Dorset dairy farm, one of the finest and most valuable in the whole country, in order to build an air training school.

Yet within a mile or two are a thousand acres of downland that would serve their purpose.

**Again, Sir Henry Heare intends to give the nation his Wiltshire mansion, with its contents and lovely gardens.**

Your officials propose to commandeer much of the grounds; in which case Sir Henry will cancel his magnificent gift.

Apply the boot to the vandals, Sir Kingsley.—JOHN BULL.

## Sir THOMAS GARDINER,
### Director-General, Post Office

DEAR SIR,—It's said that Government Departments have no soul. But yours lacks even a brain.

**A Preston auxiliary postman was paid 25s. a week. His rent was 11s., his wife and children had been ill—and in desperation he stole postal-orders.**

I am glad he has been only bound over and has been given a fresh job by a man in court. But I am sorry that many such cases have not taught you that semi-starvation wages must inevitably be a temptation to steal.—JOHN BULL.

## Rt. Rev. A. I. GREAVES,
### Bishop of Grimsby

DEAR BISHOP,—We need, quite as much as the training schools for parents which you advocate, magistrates who realise that bad parents are often the cause of juvenile offences.

I am sickened by the sight of young children playing in the streets late at night.

**I am more sickened when youngsters, getting into trouble because they are allowed to run wild, are treated as incorrigible rogues by crochety justices and ordered years of confinement.**

Yes, we could do with a few "homes" for parents. But it would probably be cheaper and more effective if a few bad parents could be put in the dock and publicly reprimanded.—JOHN BULL.

## HIS MAJESTY THE KING

YOUR MAJESTY,—Welcome home! You and your gracious Queen have done well, and your people are grateful.

By strengthening old loyalties and winning new friendships, you have kept high the dignity of the Throne and given added determination to millions of men and women that the ideals of justice and peace among the nations shall be preserved.

There was never any doubt of your reception in Canada.

Yet its warmth outstripped the expectations even of those who know how proud is that Dominion to belong to the British Commonwealth.

In the United States, misunderstandings caused by foolish patriots might have prejudiced your welcome.

Well, the American people—from President to poor half-castes—took you to their hearts.

Their admiration for the Queen, their demonstrations of delight at your avoidance of pomp, their high regard for Britain, which was sincerely expressed by former critics—these are unforgettable memories.

May your whole reign perpetuate the success you gained in the New World.—JOHN BULL.

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## Sir PATRICK DUFF,
### Secretary, Office of Works

DEAR SIR PATRICK,—Litterbugs—those careless dolts who disfigure open spaces and spoil the public's pleasure—deserve to be hauled before the magistrates and fined.

**Even in the Royal Parks they seem to be allowed to do as they please. Only the other day I stumbled over a broken bottle; the eye is often offended by discarded newspapers and cigarette cartons.**

The keepers do their best, I know. But I suggest it would be worth while to increase their numbers temporarily and inaugurate a real drive against the pests who not only annoy us but sometimes cause injury and fire.—JOHN BULL.

## AMOS WAYLING,
### Gentleman of the Road

DEAR AMOS,—You might be interested to hear of a young man who, owing £60,000 and expecting to pay only 2d. in the pound, has applied for his discharge from bankruptcy.

**He inherited a large fortune and ran through it. You, at the age of sixty-two, have also had a windfall: a £1 note which you found in a Basingstoke street three months ago, gave up to the police, and have now got back because it was not claimed.**

The other man is a company director; you are a tramp. You have my respect.—JOHN BULL.

## Rt. Hon. WALTER ELLIOT, M.P.,
### Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—I hope the coming week's conference on the prevention of tuberculosis will tell you some home truths. It should tell you that the White Plague ought to be as extinct as the Black Plague that was conquered centuries ago.

**For it can be prevented. By tearing down the slums. By seeing that young folk get enough milk to drink and good food to eat. By tightening up the regulations in unhealthy trades. By ending the smoke menace of our cities.**

These things would be done by a real Minister of Health.—JOHN BULL.

## General Sir WALTER KIRKE,
### Inspector-General, Home Forces

DEAR GENERAL,—Nonsense! It simply isn't true that "the peace-loving British" have been converted into a military nation.

**We have reluctantly agreed to rearmament and conscription, yes. But throughout the land you will find the same distrust of military might and the same hatred of militarism that have always been rooted in our character.**

And we still hope that one day we shall be able to retire every military man—even so efficient and human a soldier as yourself.—JOHN BULL.

## NATIONAL FITNESS COUNCIL,

GENTLEMEN,—Congratulations. After only two years' thought, you have actually discovered that it will take a long, long time to make up for the past neglect of the nation's health.

You learn that fifty towns, each with a population of 25,000, are without a single swimming-bath. And, of course, you blame the public.

**I can tell you of towns where the citizens have been petitioning year after year for swimming-baths—and nothing happens.**

Why not address your remarks to the real black sheep?—JOHN BULL.

# A GOOD PIPE TOBACCO FOR 10½d. ONLY

*A Revelation*

## AT 10½d. PER OUNCE

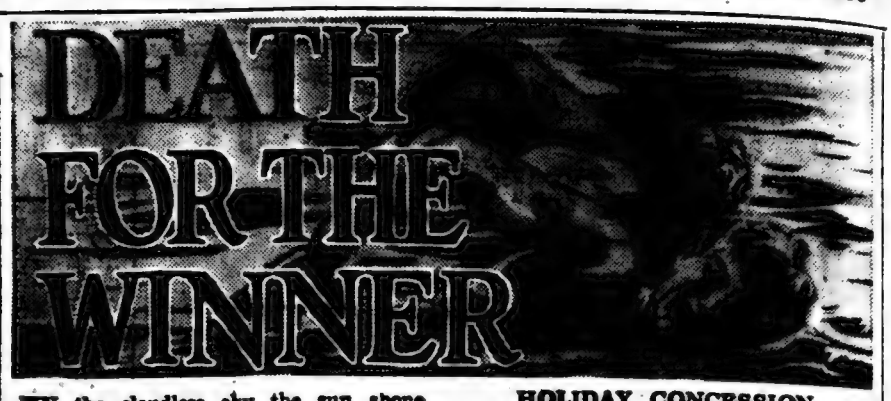
Medium-strength brown leaf, cool and lasting. Specially packed to preserve character and weight. At all tobacconists

*One-ounce moisture-proof packets* **10½d.**

*'Lucky Jim' Shag 1-ounce packets* **9½d.** *Two-ounce tins* **1/9**

GODFREY PHILLIPS LIMITED


# DEATH FOR THE WINNER



IN the cloudless sky the sun shone like a myriad-pointed star of fire. There was no breeze to temper the intense heat; but the two men bathing in the river felt deliciously cool.

"Race you to the bend!" cried one of the bathers.

"As good as won," came the reply.

Swiftly their bodies cleaved the water, arms rising and falling smoothly in trudgeon stroke. It was neck and neck for several yards, and then, slowly but surely, the swimmer who had issued the challenge drew ahead. He had won easily, but suddenly there was a shout for help. The winner had been seized by cramp, and despite valiant efforts on the part of his companion, was drowned. *Death was the prize for the winner.*

In these warm Summer months thousands delight in bathing and swimming in rivers and the sea. Beware of the hidden peril, the merciless currents whose jaws snap with fatal swiftness.

### "JOHN BULL'S" PROTECTION.

Among the numerous generous Benefits provided by "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift is the Benefit for fatal accidents while bathing and boating.

### UNIQUE BENEFITS.

In addition to providing accident benefits, "John Bull" is still *the only paper in the world* to safeguard registered readers' household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST and to pay SICKNESS Benefit.

### £510 PAID LAST WEEK.

Last week alone, "John Bull" distributed no less than £510 to registered readers or their dependants, as follows:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Household & Sickness Benefits | £204 | 4 | 0 |
| Accident Benefits—Adults ... | £97 | 0 | 0 |
| Children's Accidents ... ... | £209 | 0 | 0 |
| | £510 | 4 | 0 |

### HOLIDAY CONCESSION.

Registered readers of "John Bull" will continue to enjoy the full protection of "John Bull's" Free Family Insurance Gift while on holiday anywhere in the British Isles.

In the event of a claim arising, they will be required to show that they bought "John Bull" while away and that, before leaving home, they instructed their newsagent to resume regular delivery on their return.

### "JOHN BULL" YOUR SHIELD OF SECURITY.

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

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Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 24/6/39.

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"John Bull," Registration Department, 125, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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Reader's Signature.

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Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

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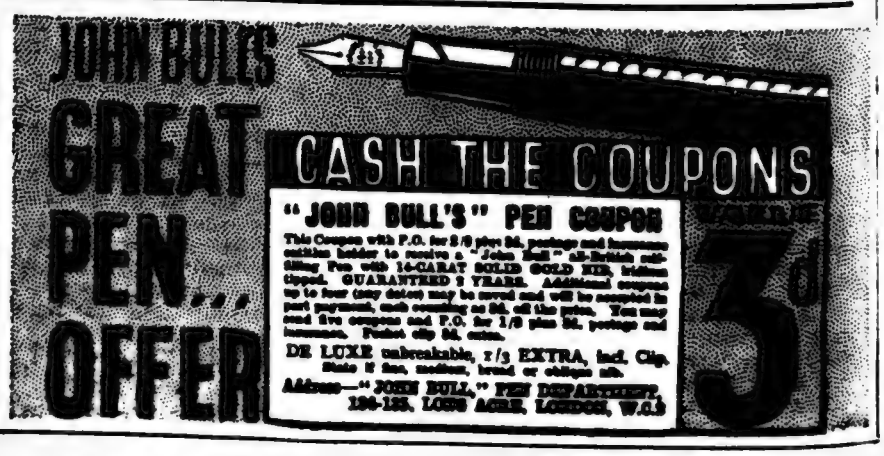

HANNEN SWAFFER'S WHO'S WHO

# Man at the Premier's Elbow

**SIR ROBERT VANSITTART, one of the most cultured of men in British private life, suffers from this handicap: it is now proved that he was often right when his masters were wrong.**

Kicked upstairs eighteen months ago, when Permanent Under-Secretary to the Foreign Office, he was given a new post, that of Chief Diplomatic Adviser to the Government.

They may have wanted to do it, but they could not push him out.

So they gave him the job of "advising the Foreign Secretary on all major questions of policy submitted to him."

But, when the all-important decision was to be made at Munich, and the Premier had taken affairs in his own hands, it was not Sir Robert who flew with him, but Sir Horace Wilson.

Sir Robert was, and is, pro-French. His views were unpopular, not only in Germany, but at No. 10. He saw, and he still sees, the danger of Fascism. And he is now pro-Russian at a time when there are in the Government influences that prefer even Berlin to Moscow.

## May Say "No!" to Embassy

Soon, perhaps, Sir Robert, or "Van," as they call him, will retire from the impossible job of advising how British foreign policy can be kept consistent.

He will then probably become Ambassador to France. Sir Ronald Lindsay, one of his predecessors as Permanent Under-Secretary, is now in Washington. Another, Sir William Tyrrell, went to Paris.

"Van" may refuse an embassy. Often he is credited with Parliamentary ambitions. A peerage is his for the asking. And that would give him, in the House of Lords, a hearing as eager as he would get from all Parties if he became an M.P.

**He was Ramsay's private secretary when Sir Ronald Lindsay went to Washington and Vansittart was promoted to what is really the most important position in the Civil Service.**

Arthur Henderson, new in the Foreign Office, found that his adviser, as Under-Secretary, was a man who, at the age of fifty, was most helpful, not obstructive, as he must have anticipated—a man who, when consulted, wrote out most helpful memoranda.

Often, when they pointed out all the difficulties, Henderson would make Philip Noel-Baker, his own secretary, put the other side. In the end, Sir Robert would find a middle course.

Usually a Permanent Under-Secretary has lasted for only four years. "Van" held the job for over seven.

## He Was Right Over Spain

He is blamed, sometimes, for Stresa, where Sir John Simon, with Ramsay, had long talks with Mussolini, but never mentioned Abyssinia.

In those days, they say, he was trying to buy Italy from Germany. Then, later, when the Hoare-Laval pact was attempted, it was he, they declare, who was its real author. Certainly he was dead against Sanctions.

**Now much of that attitude has been proved wrong; but Sir Robert was right over Spain, when Neville was wrong. And certain it is that he wanted to stand firm over Munich.**

"Van" plays tennis — it keeps him on his toes

Eden got rid of Vansittart, who at the end of the Disarmament Conference was suffering, very naturally, from nerves. Not long after, Neville Chamberlain got rid of Eden.

To what degree Vansittart is to blame for his advice, or, on the other hand, to what extent he was right when his chiefs were wrong, may not be disclosed for a generation.

## Was He Too Much of a Boss?

All that we do know is that between 1931 and 1938 Geneva was betrayed, and there was piled up, because of that betrayal, an arms bill that will hang around our necks for generations.

Vansittart, safe enough with Uncle Arthur at the Foreign Office, had six years of trouble afterwards. Things were comparatively calm in Henderson's days.

Then came, in turn, Simon's solicitude with Japan over Manchukuo and his downfall, Hoare's blunder over Abyssinia and his downfall, and Eden's worries over a League of Nations policy which was becoming more and more unpopular with his own Government.

**WHEN PERMANENT UNDER-SECRETARY, VANSITTART WAS BOSS OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE, "TOO MUCH OF A BOSS," THEY SAY.**

It was hinted that he decided the foreign policy of the Government instead of the Foreign Secretary.

I accept the view that the reverse is true, that Vansittart was the best diplomatic adviser a Government has had for years, and that the blame for our failure in foreign policy lies with the three Foreign Secretaries who, one following another during his time, had different views, different likings and different hates, and different policies.

Anyway, all those three Foreign Secretaries—Simon, Hoare and Eden—toppled from their thrones, whereas Sir Robert Vansittart was, only a few weeks ago, put in charge of the Russian negotiations. He achieved a comeback.

It was Lord Halifax, the fourth Foreign Secretary since August, 1931, who asked for his assistance. Sir Robert's return was welcomed by many who, not many months before, had been among his critics.

**Well, in more ways than one, he is an amazing man. While remaining Chief Diplomatic Adviser to the Government, he was also Chief Diplomatic Adviser to Herbert Wilcox, the film producer.**

While having the job of tendering advice to His Majesty's Government over the most difficult of foreign negotiations, he was called in to help write "Sixty Glorious Years," make sure that Disraeli's waistcoast was properly buttoned, see that Gladstone's side-whiskers were of the right shape, and supervise the dialogue spoken by Queen Victoria, Pitt and Melbourne.

This seems rather less surprising, though, when one remembers that they used to tell how Ramsay called "Van" up early one morning when he was his private secretary, waited till he had got out of the bath, and then said, "Come straight round to No. 10," only to ask him when he arrived to fix his collar, and to remark, "I knew you were the only man who could do it."

No Prime Minister could say fairer than that.

Most men in "Van's" position would look like sphinxes, remain immobile and be surrounded with an air of mystery. "Van" is the reverse.

He is very friendly. He is very approachable. He does not look superior. He behaves like a human being.

**Indeed, a newspaper man who had talked with him and with Clem Attlee within an hour, remarked, "They seem to have switched roles, for Attlee was as reserved as a diplomat, while Sir Robert spoke like the Leader of the Opposition."**

Sir Robert was friendly enough with me when we met at the laying of the foundation stone of the National Theatre, a ceremony at which he handed the title deeds to G. B. S. Yes, for a dramatist, he was very friendly.

But then I remembered that, although I was a dramatic critic for years, I had never seen either of his two plays which were produced in the West End. I am told they were very good. But that judgment, being a critic, I accept only with reserve.

There is one thing over which I am sure both Sir Robert and I agree—that the greatest of all our ambassadors was Shakespeare. Foreign Secretaries may come and go. So may Under-Secretaries.

## Given Publicity Job

They may pass, one after another, a long succession of them, from the Commons to the Lords, and from the Foreign Office to Embassies right across the world.

But the glory of the English language written down by Shakespeare remains an eternal permeating influence.

Shakespeare is still certainly a greater propagandist than is Sir Robert, who six months ago was appointed chairman of a committee formed by Neville to co-ordinate all the bodies engaged in various forms of British publicity abroad. What that committee does I do not know. I haven't heard of it since

**Sir Robert, being a dramatist, believes in the propaganda value of the theatre. He told me that he hoped the opening of the National Theatre would lead to the sending abroad of British plays.**

I had to remind him that the only Government scheme of the kind I remembered—that was during the War—resulted in the plan to send "Salome" to Holland, and that it was that which led to the famous Pemberton Billing case!

Then "Van" plays tennis, not quite good enough for Wimbledon, but good enough. That is what keeps him eager on his toes, keen and healthy.

That, perhaps, is why he can try to influence our foreign policy and write, for the films, a Life of Kitchener—both at the same time.

---

## Ipswich Symphony

WE much regret that an article entitled "Ipswich Symphony," which appeared in a recent issue of JOHN BULL, attributed to the Rev. Thomas Thompson, of Ipswich, certain remarks deprecating silly symphony film shows for children and condemning the morals of Ipswich.

The article in question was based in all good faith on reports that had received wide currency in the daily Press, but which, as is now clear, were wholly unjustified.

In his recent sermon Mr. Thompson did not say that "silly symphony film shows for Ipswich children do more than anything to lower the morals of the younger generation," or that "the morals of this town have sunk as low as they possibly can."

We tender to him a full apology for the form and tone of the article and withdraw all the insinuations against him contained or implied therein.

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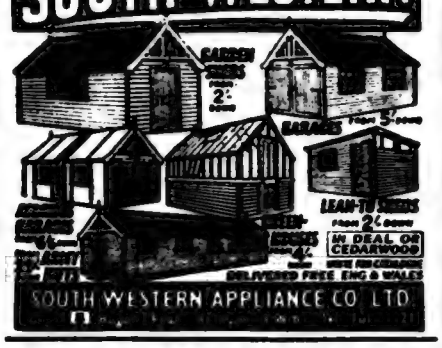


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The Manager, Ideas & Sales Development Dept., "John Bull," Room 22, 57/61, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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Merely state on a postcard which advertisement in this week's "JOHN BULL'S" "Shop Window" you consider offers the best bargain and the reason why. For the best 12 replies we offer

### 12 SURPRISE PRIZES

Write name and address in BLOCK LETTERS, and address to Manager, John Bull Postal Bargains, 57/59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Replies should not exceed 50 words. Any number of attempts on separate cards may be sent and there is no entrance fee. The Advertisement Director's decision is final and legally binding. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with this competition. Last day for entries, Wed., June 28th. List of last week's winners sent on application

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 25.

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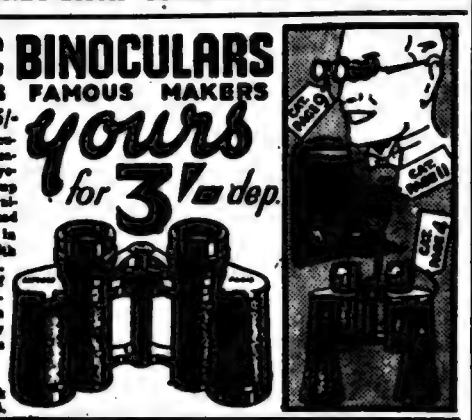


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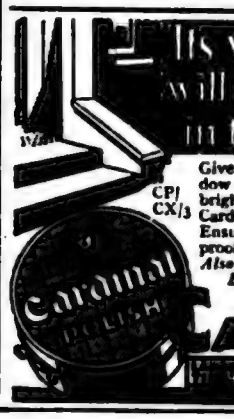


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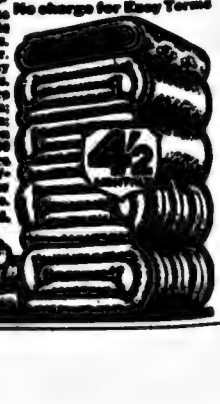

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**The number of June weddings will beat all records. By the end of the year 400,000 new homes will be set up throughout the country. They are the soundest item in the nation's balance-sheet**

# Here Come 35,000 Brides!

NO need to wade through trade returns or dull pages of railway loadings to see the first signs of the nation's increasing prosperity.

You can find the most certain proofs at the altar and the registrar's offices.

June brides are making the best news of 1939. This month 35,000 couples will marry. And that, say Somerset House officials who have already been working overtime on the year's returns, is an all-time record for this country.

Already the matrimony peak for all other years has been passed. Up to mid-June 200,000 marriages have taken place, as compared with the January-June average of 130,000 in the previous ten years. By the end of 1939, they say, the total will have passed 400,000.

The experts, the people who keep what are called the "vital statistics" of the country, are puzzled about this extraordinary boom in the marriage market.

But the reason, we think, is simple. It is human to marry—if you can afford it. And this year 100,000 more couples *can* afford it. As the black tide of unemployment recedes, so the marriage figures go up.

## £150 Furniture

**FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND NEW HOMES ARE THE SOUNDEST ITEM IN THE NATION'S BALANCE-SHEET. SPIRITUALLY, BECAUSE NEW HOMES AND NEW FAMILIES ARE A RENEWAL OF THE NATION'S STRENGTH. FINANCIALLY, BECAUSE THEY REPLENISH AND INCREASE THE COMMON POOL OF WEALTH.**

And the money part of it comes into effect right at the very beginning of the newlyweds' career.

Our June brides, for instance (all 35,000 of them), will spend an average of £150 each on furniture and household fittings for the new home. Which means more than £5,000,000 of new business, and heavier wage packets for the makers of wardrobes and chairs, hardware workers, the weavers and potters and all the rest.

## "New" Money

About one-third of the brides and 'grooms—whether they marry at St. Margaret's, Westminster, the register office or the little church round the corner—will want "homes of their own."

The building trade expects to sell 10,000 houses at an average price of £500 each. But whether direct or through the building society that means another £5,000,000 to the trade and more jobs for its workers.

Those who decide to live in flats or rent houses will help to swell the tills of painters and decorators by another £20 each. The newlyweds want to start life in clean, new surroundings—so another £500,000 for the cleaning process.

And—another important point of the £ s. d. of house and home—most of them, according to the social statistics experts, have been living with parents before the great day arrives. They will now provide another £5,000,000 of "new money" in rents.

And what about that day and its immediate preliminaries? Here are some items provided by various trade associations about the cash value of wedding days.

First, that moot point—presents. The big stores who can estimate these things very closely say that an average of £20 is spent on wedding presents on every marriage.

**So, for June alone we get a total of £750,000 spent on keeping shop assistants busy and employing the makers of clocks and wedding present what-nots.**

The bride, her mother and the bridesmaids between them spend an average per marriage of £50 on wedding clothes. Did you know that one textile house sells a million square yards of veiling a year for weddings alone?

## They "Splash"

But, apart from such extras, nearly £2,000,000 goes to dressmakers for June marriages.

The little extras, however, tot up and make work and money for many. Even the photographers who take the bridal groups collect £15,000 a month.

And often a humble family will have a "splash" and spend £5 with the grocer and wine merchant for the wedding breakfast.

The average, from swell hotel receptions to festivities in the front parlour, run up another £300,000 a month in food and drink.

About the ceremony itself—a very interesting recent development has been the rising popularity of church weddings.

The register office has gone so much out of fashion that less than one in twenty weddings take place there to-day.

There are churches where they charge £100 for putting down the carpets and awnings and where the parsons command the same kind of fee as a Harley Street surgeon.

But we can take the average fee as a guinea. Thus, June brides will mean about £35,000 to our parsons.

There remains a final item—the honeymoon.

Such sordid matters as trade benefits ought not, of of course, to apply to this subject. Nevertheless, at a recent conference of hotel-keepers, resort officials and transport companies, nearly a whole day was spent in discussing the honeymoon budgets of newlyweds.

And you would be surprised at the amount of cold-blooded research which has been undertaken about the spending capacity of what were dryly termed "sample couples" drawn from every walk of life.

What emerged was this: That the average couple spend more in fares, accommodation and general expenses during the honeymoon period than on the general costs of the ceremony itself. And more (which is a sadly cynical conclusion) than in any subsequent holiday during their married life.

These experts agreed that the average final figure for a "summer married pair" was not far short of £40.

Multiply that by 35,000 and you get nearly £1,500,000 provided for hotel and boarding-house proprietors, amusement caterers and transport companies by our June couples.

What do the crisis jitterbugs say to all this? The Nazis, it has been suggested time and again, are deliberately trying to undermine the morale of the democracies with their shock tactics.

Perhaps Herr Goebbels, Hitler's propaganda chief, will take particular note of Britain's June wedding figures.

## Our Strength

Britain's greatest strength in these difficult times is a flourishing trade. And the tune of the Wedding March makes a fitting accompaniment to the genial hum of busy factories and the tinkle of cash registers.

Add up the cash turnover for all the items we have mentioned—the furniture, the new houses, rents for the new homes, clothes and festivities, honeymoon travel and accommodation, gifts and all the many pleasant little extras that mark a marriage and the nation's tradesmen might well begin to sing:

**"WITH £20,000,000 TO SPEND—HERE COMES THE BRIDE."**

That does not pay tribute, of course, to the bridegroom who does most of the spending.

But whoever cared about a bridegroom?

*The bride, her mother and the bridesmaids between them spend an average per marriage of £50 on wedding clothes*

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## "In England Again"

H. V. Morton, Britain's leading travel writer, is once more "In Search of England."

On Monday, June 26, he will start a wonderful new series of articles in the "Daily Herald"—"In England Again"—a series no lover of the countryside or of fine writing can afford to miss.

Place a regular order for the "Daily Herald" to-day.

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P.S. 105

# Recipe for SAILORS

*Navy recruiting is at its peak. Youngsters now learning to man these ships will find themselves in a brave new world—and they'll enjoy it*

**A JOHN BULL representative has already described life in the Tanks and with the Balloon Barrages. Now he has been to see what is happening to the 1,500 recruits at Chatham—And what will happen to the 12,000 men to be drafted into the Navy under the Military Training Act. This is his report**

GOING into the Royal Navy is like going into a strange world—but it's a grand change.

You talk a "foreign" language, calling a dining-room a "mess deck" and saying "topside" instead of upstairs.

You forget what it's like to go to bed and, in some cases, you use soap for money.

Come and be introduced to this brave new world; come and see the British Navy in the making.

I have just been to the Royal Naval Barracks, Chatham, and there I met 1,500 of the youngsters who in due course will take their share in providing "security for such as pass on the sea upon their lawful occasions and the inhabitants of our Island."

That is how the Prayer Book describes the Royal Navy.

**Chatham is at present dealing with a record number of "direct entries," otherwise recruits who have come straight from civil life, with no experience of the sea.**

So is Portsmouth, and so is Devonport. Navy recruiting is at the peak.

And soon the Training Establishment of the three naval ports will be taking their first quotas under compulsory service.

**For that reason everyone should know how the Royal Navy treats its young. Well, at Chatham, I saw "a complete recipe" for sailors—the reception of the very raw material, and its gradual moulding towards efficiency.**

**The recruits had come from all sorts of jobs and from every part of Britain. Many of them did not know one end of a ship from the other.**

## *Like a Father*

Imagine the bewilderment of the new life to a former Durham miner or a Leicester shop assistant. But the Royal Navy understands and is parental in its kindness to the beginners.

**EVERY NEWCOMER IS INTERVIEWED ON ARRIVAL BY A LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER, WHO GIVES HIM A FRIENDLY HEART-TO-HEART TALK, EXPLAINING WHAT HE HAS UNDERTAKEN.**

Then the officer enters in a register his forecast of the youth's sailor qualities

This letter, signed by the Commodore of the barracks, is forthwith sent to father, mother or guardian:—

"As is only to be expected, many youngsters on first joining feel strange in their new surroundings, discipline, drill and so on, with the result that they get home-sick.

"If you can see your way not to emphasize to him in your letters how much you miss him, and if you can give him encouragement to settle down and do his best, you will have gone a long way to help him make a good start. If for any reason you wish to write to the Training Commander or myself about your boy, you may be sure that we shall be only too glad to receive your letter."

At Chatham, the new entry receives with his kit a clearly written little book which tells him all the essentials about dress, regulations, duty, training and privileges.

"You will find," says the book, "that Officers, Petty Officers, and everyone in the New Entry Establishment will be only too glad and ready to help you, but you must remember that God helps those who help themselves."

From the book the recruit learns that he can buy Navy tobacco duty free, but that to smuggle the tobacco out of barracks is a serious offence.

**He reads that he can be punished for "skulking" in the Navy and that if he leaves clothes lying about in barracks they will be put into "The Scran Bag," and to redeem them will cost a piece of service soap.**

New entries, during their first fortnight, are kept together and gently shepherded. That is to save them having their heads bitten off if they do something wrong before an officer, who may not recognise them as beginners.

After that preliminary guidance they are passed out into one of four divisions—ship-named "Fo'castle," "Foretop," "Maintop" and "Quarter-deck."

It is amazing the difference those first two weeks makes to the youngsters. I talked with some three Navy days old. They were painfully self-conscious and nervous. I talked with others who had been three weeks in the Service. They were smart in their carriage; alert and eager to tell how well they meant to do in their training.

## *Getting Fit*

**QUICKLY THEY GET PHYSICALLY FIT THROUGH A COMBINATION OF GOOD MEALS, REGULAR HOURS, GRADED WORK AND EXERCISE.**

Proof of this: Recently a long ceremonial parade was held on the Chatham barrack square. It was a blazing hot day. There were thirty faintings among the "preliminaries" and only two among all the hundreds of other new entries.

All recruits after the preliminary fortnight spend eight weeks on a discipline course which includes foot and small arms drill and musketry instruction.

Then follows a technical course varying in length according to the service rating of the men. The ordinary seamen do fifteen weeks technical; 2nd class stokers eight weeks; cooks fourteen weeks, and signallers and telegraphists thirty-five weeks.

"We aim to turn them out so that they can all fill their respective places in the organisation of a ship at sea. From the Training Establishments they may be drafted to any ship of the Navy."

But although these youngsters, whom I watched at work with such interest, will travel the world under the White Ensign, they will always remain "Chatham" in naval records. Chatham will be their home port during their Navy life, and to "H.M.S. Pembroke"—land ship of the Chatham barracks—they will return between their terms of sea service.

It is during the technical course that the ordinary ratings get their first practical lessons in seamanship. They are taught about everything aboard a ship, whether it be destroyer or battle cruiser.

**They learn, for instance, how to handle a small boat, knotting, splicing, rigging and suchlike sea crafts, together with gunnery and torpedo work.**

Nothing is left out.

They are even taught how to wash clothes in a ship's laundry, and how to prepare food economically and well before it is handed over to the ship's galley.

## *"Don't Be Afraid"*

At the gunnery school the new entries are trained on every type of naval gun up to the six-inch. Later, when afloat, they learn the handling of the larger calibre turret guns.

So there is infinite variety in the technical course, and between whiles the lads are listening to all kinds of lectures calculated to make them good seamen.

Of course, there are examinations which have to be passed. And this is drilled into them: "Do not be afraid of the Examining Officer. Remember he is examining you on what you know, not on what you don't know.

"Be extra smart in your movements, bearing and appearance."

There is a very appreciable reward for doing well in the examinations on seamanship, gunnery and torpedoes. Getting 850 marks out of a possible 1,000 means gaining two months towards being rated "Able Seaman."

## *Jump in Pay*

**Normally an ordinary seaman obtains his step to "A.B." after eighteen months in the Navy. Then his pay jumps from 14s. a week to 21s. with various allowances extra.**

If, for example, a man does not want his grog ration, he can draw 1s. 7d. a week. He draws additional pay for the upkeep of his kit and for good conduct.

Promotion to ratings above "A.B." is won on merit, but any keen youngster of average intelligence should easily achieve the rank of Leading Seaman and 30s. 4d. a week with all the routine additions. And still further promotion lies ahead.

Believe me, *it is the life*. In one day at Chatham I saw enough to make me age conscious and deeply envious of the twenties.

## "The Greatest of These . . ."

AT fifteen George Hobbs joined the Army. He served throughout the Great War and came back with as much right as anyone in Britain to enjoy the fruits of peace—a happy, prosperous life.

Instead he found poverty. Yet he never asked for charity, only for a job so that he could keep his invalid wife and son. Even work has been denied him.

**Mrs. Hobbs has had ten operations and she cannot help much in the family's struggle.**

**YOU CAN.** If you will send a donation earmarked "Ten Operations," you will know you have done something to ease her terrible burden.

And remember, there are scores of other ex-Servicemen's families just as badly hit.

*George*

Send all donations to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Each sum will be gratefully acknowledged where name and address is given. Lists of subscriptions for the current week are kept at this office, and will be sent on application.

As is generally known, all administration expenses connected with the Fund are borne by JOHN BULL. We gratefully acknowledge 5s. from "Wanderer" and 10s. from "Somerset."

# PARLIAMENT of the PARISH PUMP

**A JOHN BULL investigator who spends his life travelling the country was instructed to find out what the people of Britain are talking about to-day.**

**He expected that, in towns and villages alike, the main topics would be Hitler—Danzig—Japan—Conscription—A.R.P. Instead, he found that most interest is still centred on the news which *doesn't* get into the headlines but which is, in its way, as vital to the nation's life as the pronouncements of statesmen.**

**Here are his reports from a score of parish pump parliaments.**

BIG road construction schemes are in progress in Lincolnshire—for wartime military purposes, it is said. Local folk, however, do not seem to be much interested in them.

But in the countryside around Peterborough I found the people, excited and angry, preparing a petition to Downing Street.

Because a navvy on this road work, named Hugh Strong, had just been sacked. The man's offence was that, on a day of sweltering heat, he bought a pennyworth of ice cream from a passing vendor and stopped work for a minute to eat it.

That was not all his punishment. In the eyes of the authorities he has been dismissed for "a reason within his own control" and will be deprived of unemployment pay!

* * *

In Hull and Grimsby these days high officialdom is occupied with plans for creating vast emergency food reserves.

The ordinary people in these places, however, are more concerned about wastage than storage.

At Grimsby the other morning I saw not less than 150 tons of newly caught fresh fish, mostly codling, sold at the ridiculous price of a shilling a big box to factories to be made into meal for pigs.

**ENOUGH WAS DISPOSED OF IN THIS MANNER IN A FEW MINUTES TO HAVE PROVIDED SUBSTANTIAL MEALS FOR 350,000 FAMILIES.**

But, so that supplies to the public would be restricted and prices kept up, the trawlowners refused to allow any of this immense quantity of fish to be sold for human food.

This kind of thing is happening daily at the great fishing ports. No wonder the people are muttering.

* * *

Citizens of Bradford are taking the lead in a movement to secure the appointment of a Government commission to probe the extraordinary circumstances in which so many children have lately been wrested from their homes and put away for years in State institutions.

Their dismay is understandable from the case of an eleven-year-old boy in the city who has been accused of stealing a woman's handbag.

Two older lads were supposed to be concerned in the affair, but no action has been taken against them because they had been put on probation for another offence committed while the handbag theft was being investigated.

The law does not allow us to publish the name of this boy of eleven—who is above the ordinary standard of intelligence and belongs to a most respectable home. He strenuously denied that he knew anything about the theft. And the woman who lost her handbag could not identify him.

Nevertheless, an order has been made for the youngster to be taken from his family and kept in detention for at least five years.

OUTSIDE London, the authorities in the Leeds area seem to be showing more anxiety than any regarding hospital preparations for war casualties. But these problems are certainly not uppermost in the citizens' minds.

Instead, at the moment, they want something drastic to be done about present medical arrangements, especially those in connection with National Health Insurance.

**THE WORKERS IN LEEDS—AS IN MOST OTHER PARTS OF BRITAIN—ARE IN REBELLION AGAINST PANEL DOCTORS WHO DRAW THE STATE FEES BUT PERFORM NO SERVICE.**

Almost automatically, these practitioners pass on their patients to the hospitals to obtain advice and treatment, even for the simplest ailments.

These already hard-pressed institutions, which cannot cope with the responsibilities thus foisted on them, get no share at all of the millions paid to the shirking panel doctors.

Another crusade in connection with National Health Insurance has begun in the nearby town of Barnsley.

There, big sections of all political parties are united in determination to end the grotesque system under which people stricken by illness or accident often do not obtain benefit from their approved societies until many weeks afterwards.

While they lie ill they receive, instead, an endless series of foolish questionnaires. Until the inquisition is completed they and their families do not get a penny.

So they must starve or become paupers while the State holds back their money.

The sixteen million insured contributors will bless the efforts of the Barnsley people to end this country-wide insurance scandal.

LANCASHIRE has miles of streamers and banners informing the public that fire may be the worst consequence of air attack, and pleading for men and women to train themselves to deal with this peril.

But the man-in-the-street in the cotton towns isn't at all excited. Rather, he is annoyed and suspicious about these appeals.

They are, he says, either stupid or insincere. Because in various parts of the county, the authorities—on the pretext of economy—**ARE ACTUALLY REDUCING THE PERMANENT PEACETIME FIRE DEFENCES AND DISMISSING REGULAR FIREMEN.**

Sacked firemen are being replaced by auxiliaries who get no wages, but only a fee for each fire they are called to attend.

If this senseless cheapening of the fire services spreads to the rest of the country, it will strike dangerously at the roots of the whole A.R.P. system.

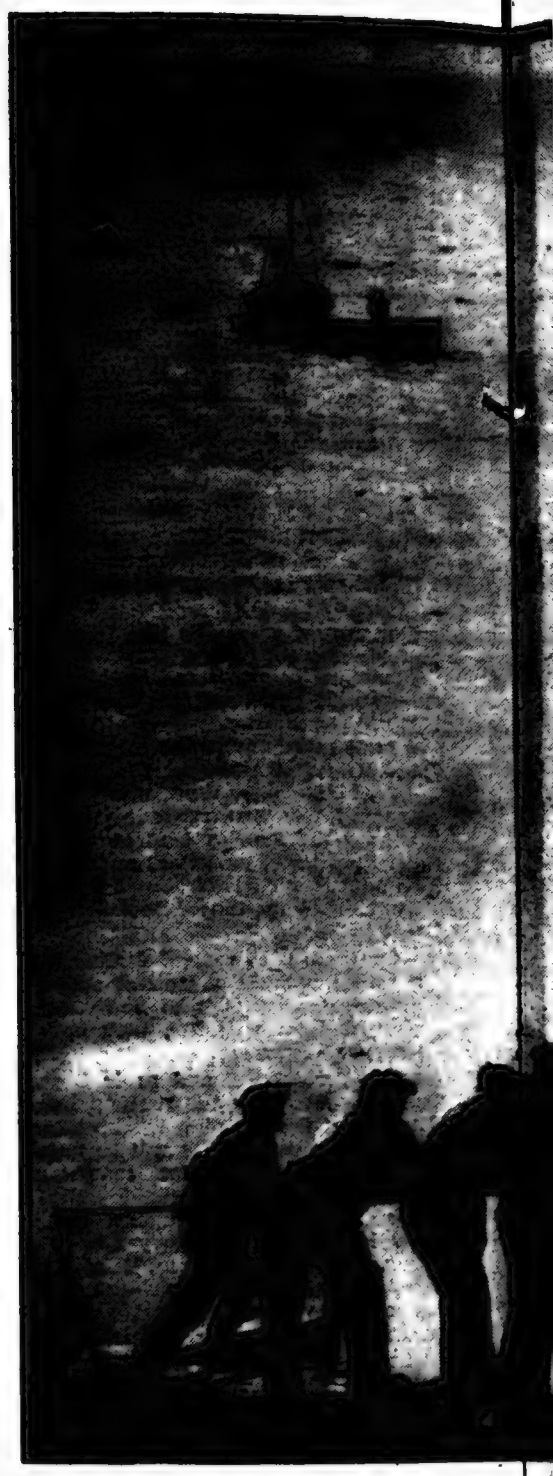
Let us hope that such exploitation will be frustrated by the agitation of mill-workers in the Lancashire town of Heywood.

They regard the matter as of such importance that, at their own expense, they are to send a deputation to Whitehall.

MRS. ROSE McMANUS, of Smedley Road, Cheetham, Manchester, is a widow of seventy-three.

A great deal may be heard soon about this frail old lady, now almost wholly disabled after a lifetime of hard work.

She lives on nine shillings a week.



*The end of the day and they [illegible] gatherings as these that you h[illegible]*

That is what is left to her after rent is deducted from old age pension and relief.

**BUT VERY SOON SHE MAY NOT HAVE ANYTHING AT ALL FOR FOOD. THE AUTHORITIES THREATEN TO STOP PAYMENT OF RELIEF TO HER ALTOGETHER.**

They have found that she has a niece, and are trying to make her responsible for the infirm old woman's maintenance. They disregard the fact that she is not even a blood relation, but only a niece by marriage.

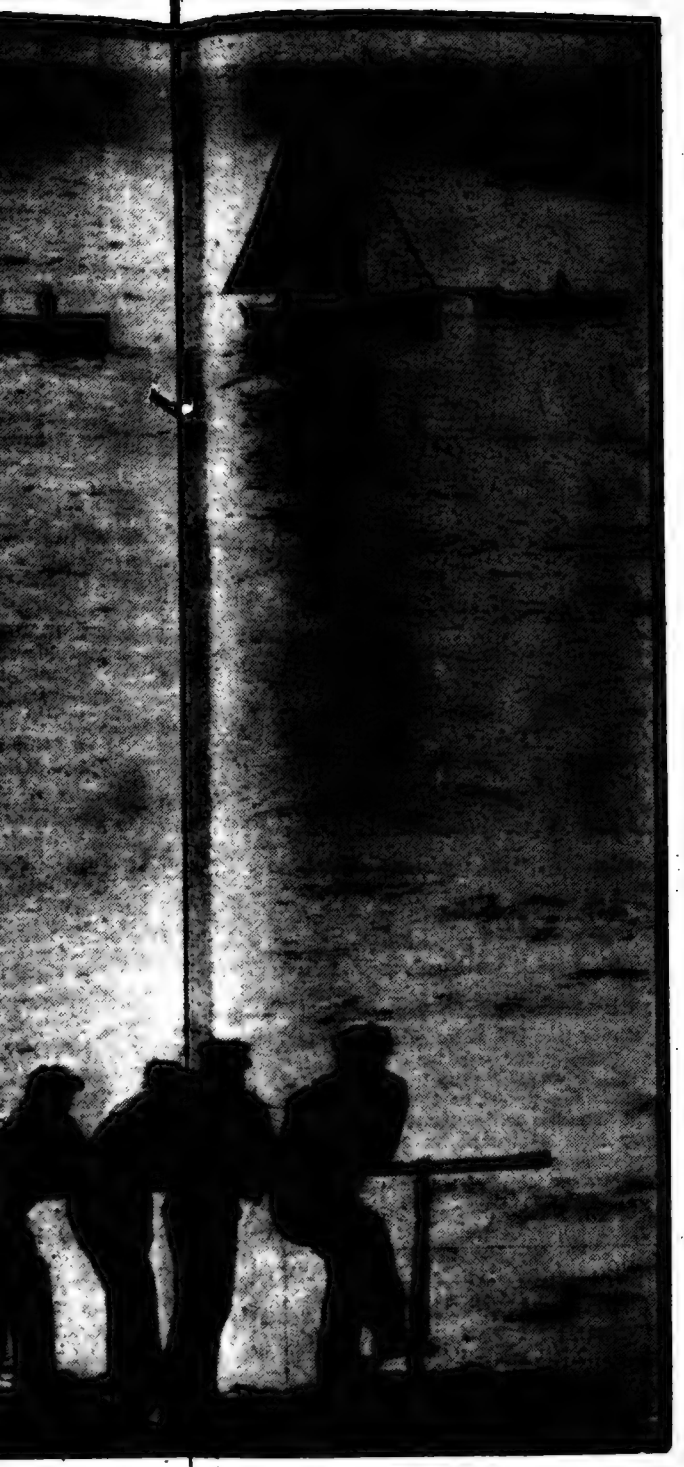
Indignation is so high in Cheetham that the neighbours of Mrs. McManus, poor though they are, propose to hire a motor-car in which to take her to Westminster so that she may be exhibited to M.P.s as a victim of the social laws for the aged poor.

* * *

There is, seemingly, no limits to the meannesses which the official mind can contrive to beat down helpless old people.

You can hear a lot being said on this subject to-day in Sheffield.

There, many house tenants have been pleasantly surprised to find that they have to pay a penny less in rates per week. Rents on municipal housing estates have been brought down by that amount accordingly.



*he day and they met for a talk. It is at such these that you hear the real voice of Britain.*

# Little Dictators Down in Somerset
# Doctors Paid for Nothing
# The Navvy and the Ice

heard said, a cry likely to ring from end to end of the country will be raised if one old age pensioner is threatened with seizure of his goods or imprisonment.

It is said that if you want to discover what is occupying the minds of the common people at any time, the best places to go to are the working men's clubs in Wales.

I have found on my travels that the one topic being discussed above all others in these clubs just now is a proposal that a joint demand should be made by workers' organisations to the Cabinet for an overhaul of the system of dispensing justice by lay magistrates.

The campaign seems to have sprung from indignation at the treatment of a twenty-six-year-old man named Frank Bontiff, who arrived at Bala after tramping hundreds of miles from Burnley, in Lancashire, on a quest for work.

He was in despair and driven to seek lodging in the poor law institution.

The man protested about some incident at the place and had cross words with an official. He lost his temper and damaged a window.

Bontiff's record was clean. That availed him nothing. He was sent to jail for two weeks!

IMPETUS has been given to the agitation against unnecessarily severe sentences by the peculiar punishment inflicted at Bridgend, Glamorganshire, on a man who was on his way to a job at Port Talbot.

Joseph Greenhill had celebrated the finding of work too jubilantly. In the circumstances, it might be thought that the magistrates would have dealt gently with him.

They knew he was going to Port Talbot. They enquired about his means and were told that he had 7s. 2d. in his pocket.

Promptly, they ordered that the 7s. be taken from him and that he should leave the town at once.

**HE WAS ALLOWED TO KEEP THE TWOPENCE TO PAY HIS FARE ON THE TWELVE-MILE JOURNEY, AND TO PAY FOR BOARD AND LODGING UNTIL HE RECEIVED HIS FIRST WAGE PACKET!**

Trivial incidents these in the life of a great nation. But incidents which have lit a flame that may not be quenched until there is reform of the police court system.

* * *

Consider also the manner in which John Colclough has been dealt with at Uttoxeter. No wonder I found opinion so rife in the parishes of rural Staffordshire that "something should be done about it."

Colclough was accused of stealing soap flakes from a laundry where he worked.

The exact facts are that this man handled empty bags which had contained soap. Sometimes flakes were found clinging to the sacking. These he shook off and, believing that they were of no value to his employers, took them home.

**In this manner he accumulated over a period about twenty ounces of soap flakes, worth not more than fourpence-halfpenny.**

But he was prosecuted when it was discovered that he had been guilty of technical theft to this small extent.

In binding him over for a year in the sum of £5, the Bench terrifyingly told him that he was liable to six months' imprisonment plus a fine of £100!

You will better understand the uneasiness I met with in this country district when you realise that Colclough is a married man with four children, and that, when prosecuted, he was dismissed from the job at the laundry which he had held for seventeen years.

HOW the ears of Mr. Ernest Brown, Minister of Labour, must have burned while I was in Pontypridd listening to town talk about his Department!

A regulation has been issued to the effect that men who find work by searching for it cannot have the jobs while there are other men who have been unemployed longer.

So a knock-out blow has been struck by bureaucracy against men who have the resource and enterprise to get work on their own initiative. It means that the State employment exchanges are now assuming the monopoly of providing employers with labour.

**THE SAVAGERY OF THIS IMPOSITION HAS BEEN TRAGICALLY DEMONSTRATED IN THE PONTYPRIDD AREA, WHERE, WITHIN A FEW HOURS NINE MEN—SCOUTING FOR THEMSELVES—OBTAINED WORK ON A PUBLIC CONSTRUCTION SCHEME.**

They were told, before starting, to make formal application at the employment exchange for "green cards" to signify that their names had been struck off the unemployment register.

The officials refused to supply them with these passports to livelihood. The vacancies, they were told, would be offered to other men who had not even bothered to look for the work.

This brutal nonsense is apparently being enforced all over the country. The first manifestation of it in Pontypridd has provoked such anger that leading citizens are this week sending a round robin to the Prime Minister.

* * *

A mass indignation meeting of hotel and restaurant waiters must be a rare event. The Minister of Labour would have felt unhappy if he had been present at one which I attended in Worthing the other afternoon.

The waiters assembled to protest against the private and official punishment inflicted on one of their number.

He is a married man with a family and is reduced to destitution. His job was lost at a moment's notice because he had taken a small piece of lobster left on a customer's plate, wrapped it in a napkin and eaten it after the luncheon service at the hotel where he was employed.

Retribution did not end with his loss of work. When he went to the Ministry of Labour offices to apply for unemployment benefit he was turned away empty-handed.

**It is officially ruled that he has forfeited all right to out-of-work pay because he was guilty of "dishonesty" in eating the scrap of lobster rejected but paid for by one of his customers.**

* * *

The Minister of Health would be well advised to order an enquiry which is being demanded by Bristol people into the death of a three-year-old boy at a local hospital.

The child, David Berry, had been put in a ward among adult patients who were mentally deficient.

It seems that, notwithstanding this astonishing procedure, the two male attendants in charge of the ward were both absent at the same time.

And while they were away a man in the hospital, known to be of unsound mind, carried David from his cot to a washroom and laid him on a marble slab. From there the little boy rolled over into the hot water from a sluice.

He was so severely scalded that there was no hope of saving his life.

There is very sharp talk in Bristol about this tragedy. The sooner it is sifted the better.

VISIT Wincanton, in Somerset, and you will see vivid posters depicting the mess that might be made by air attack in the streets of an undefended community.

The authorities of Wincanton mean, however, to keep their town exquisitely tidy both in peace and war.

They have made this intention plain by prosecuting Mr. Arthur Sims, of North Cheriton.

In the main street, Mr. Sims took out the last cigarette from a small packet and threw the container in the gutter.

Watchful policemen pounced and the man found himself convicted in the dock.

Even in Prussia, Hitler's S.S. men would not go so far as this in dealing with a thoughtless citizen. They would point out his offence and tell him to pick up the cigarette packet and put it in the nearest litter basket.

But democratic Wincanton and Nazi Prussia are far apart in their ideas.

## Who Shall be Mayor?

**SALISBURY, county and cathedral town of Wiltshire, has for generations conferred its Mayoralty on the senior councillor.**

**By length and devotion of service, the honour should be given this year to Mr. Alfred Courtney, an ex-soldier. He is guide and counsellor to the poorer people and their civic champion.**

**In the September crisis he worked day and night digging public trenches. Often he parades the town with a barrel-organ, gathering money for the hospital.**

**Now action has been taken to sidetrack him from the Mayor's chair.**

**He stutters slightly. He does not pretend to have polish. And he earns his livelihood in a fish-and-chips business.**

**Next year the Royal Show will be held at Salisbury. Exalted personages will attend. It is thought better that the gold chain be worn by someone else—perhaps a Church or Service dignitary.**

**Democratic snobbery!**

The chance was too good to be missed by the hungry public assistance authorities who pay supplementary relief to old age pensioners.

**YES, THEY HAVE CUT THE RELIEF OF THESE INDIGENT ELDERLY PEOPLE. AND NOT BY A PENNY. THE OFFICIALS REFUSE TO THINK IN UNITS OF LESS THAN THREEPENCE. SO OFF HAS COME A THREEPENNY-BIT.**

One meal less for each of them every week—the loss of a new pair of shoes next year to every Darby and Joan.

AND down Bridgwater way I found that the authorities are actually considering taking proceedings against old age pensioners who cannot pay their rates.

Many of them were already below the poverty line when they lived in cottages for which half a crown weekly rent was charged. Their plight became worse when clearance schemes began, and they were moved to other homes at more than double the previous rent.

Because of this destitution, it is quite impossible for these poor aged folk to meet the increased liability for rates.

Those responsible for the idea to take action against them would do well to heed the temper of the communities concerned. From what I

UNDERGROUND MAN — 3

# In the Brown Spider's Web

**Reginald Garbutt, the Englishman who became a renegade, has told how he worked for the Gestapo against Czechoslovakia. In the previous instalments of his amazing confession he has described his spying masquerade as Professor of Languages. He was summoned to Berlin to see Himmler, dreaded head of the Nazi Secret Police. And on this page he describes the meeting—a meeting that left him trapped, compelled to go to London as a traitor.**

HERR HIMMLER'S steely eyes shone as coldly as the lenses of his glasses. His voice sounded as mercilessly efficient as the Gestapo. He did not speak sentences. Instead his words burst like bombshells. . . .

"Mr. Garbutt," he said, "it isn't enough that Czechoslovakia should be a plague-spot. It is also necessary that it appear a plague-spot.

"When the world sees that detestable country for what it is, it will be all the easier for us to remove it from the map of Europe. Which will be the most important redressing of wrongs since the burden of the Treaty of Versailles was put on our backs.

"How to let the world know? That is where you can help.

"Already disruptive influences are at work. There are shootings, beatings-up, anti-German incidents of every kind. They are not enough.

"We happen to know that the Czech State is a breeding-ground for plots against the Reich and for communist sabotage against the Nazi economic system. But we have been unable to unearth such a plot of any size.

**"Very well, we shall offer opportunities for such a plot to arise. There will be no lack of Czech conspirators to seize the opportunities.**

"Such evidence is very, very important. It may well be that our future course of action may not end with intervention in Sudetenland. We may have to take some action of control against the treacherous Czech State.

"Herr Garbutt, you will go to London. Whatever money you want within reason will be yours for the asking.

"There you will find big British business houses anxious to free money that is tied up in Germany. I leave to you the question of how you will discover them and how you will approach them. You know the British commercial temperament better than I.

"ANYWAY, you will be able to assure them that they can free their money.

"It will be easy to get prominent Czechs who will undertake to do this for them, well knowing that it is flagrantly against the economic and political security of the Third Reich.

"And such action as that represents communistic and anti-social activities.

"I am aware, Herr Garbutt, that you may think I am asking you to be a provoking agent who will entice innocent people into a course they wouldn't normally take. Disabuse your mind of that.

"Such activities are going on in a smaller way all the time in Czechoslovakia. There is no harm in crystallising them in one vast operation.

"And now, your comments, please."

Awaiting my reply, the Secret Police chief stood over me like a stern schoolmaster trying to frighten a defiant pupil.

Well, I told him that I would do whatever he asked.

**And as I gave my word I realised how fiendishly I was betraying my Czech friends. It did not worry me.**

German officials I had been meeting in the last few weeks were dropping the mask of friendship. They were more inclined to deal with me—justifiably, I suppose—as a mere mercenary.

Once or twice I thought I detected a note in their voices which said: "There's no going back for you now. You daren't. We know too much about you. We've only got to crack the whip for you to obey."

I had thought all that over in the train to Berlin to see Himmler.

Looking back, I can say that from the time I entered that train my course of action was dictated less and less by love of Germany and hatred of my own country and more and more by fear.

Yet here I was before Himmler, telling him: "Your people are my people. Let me know what is expected and I will do it on their behalf"—and pocketing money from his wallet.

Then he told me all I had to do before I left for England.

"I want you to go to the Krupp works at Magdeburg first," he said. "There you will get help with your plans.

**"Besides, I never want you to travel from England straight to Germany or vice-versa—always via Prague. Let us not forget that your real duties in life are those of a teacher."**

How well Himmler knew how to disguise agents as Professors of Languages!

So to Magdeburg. There, in palatial offices reached through the Krupp factory, are situated the economic headquarters of the Gestapo.

The Krupp factory in Magdeburg, unlike the Krupp arsenal at Essen, is supposed to make machinery for the peaceful pursuits of life. Probably it did before Hitler rose to power. To-day it makes what Essen makes.

MY mission ended in a well-furnished first-floor room which looked something like an English boardroom. Seven German officials, two in uniform, sat with me round a table.

"Your plans for contracting with English firms anxious to free money from Germany?" asked one of them.

So I explained a scheme that had come to me on the way from Berlin.

I contemplated writing an article for a British trade paper in which I would speak of the ease with which one could get money out of Germany.

Certain British firms to which this was a pressing problem would undoubtedly write to the paper for advice, and the editor, quite innocently, would forward the letters to me.

That should give us an excellent start.

There was a murmur of approval from all round the table.

And now it was their turn to build up my plan. I was staggered to find that they had already made many approaches in Czechoslovakia.

They mentioned the names of two big businesses that had branches in Rumania and Bulgaria.

"First of all, you will use those firms to free frozen credits in those countries," they told me.

I was staggered at that. Apparently they had got the scheme entirely wrong. I blurted out with an interruption:

"BUT this is to get money out of Germany," I said. "Exactly," said the young man who was doing most of the talking. "But we hope to use the same two firms to get money out of Germany, and we'll start with the other two countries so that they have no suspicions."

From the lips of three or four of them in turn the rest of the plot was unfolded.

The time would come for me to go to the two Czech firms with the proposition that they should get money out of Germany.

*Himmler . . . "Like a stern schoolmaster trying to frighten a defiant pupil"*

I would show them the letters I had received from British firms anxious to free such money.

**I would present them with a watertight scheme for freeing that British money—or British credit, shall I call it?—at a big profit to themselves. It would sound watertight all right, seeing that it would be planned by German economic experts themselves! I would suggest that we should try in**

(continued on page 26)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All wine merchants and licensed grocers sell Keystone Burgundy in large flagons 4s. 6d., half-flagons 2s. 3d. (3d. extra deposit, returnable, on both sizes). Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3. (24)

"You needn't be rich to be particular!"
"Nice of you to come round Joe. I've been feeling a bit lonely with your mother away."
"You'd better come over to our place for Sunday tea - it'll do you good."
"My word Joe, you young people do do yourselves proud - this salmon's delicious!"
"It's easy when you know what's what."
"You needn't be rich to be particular nowadays, Dad."

If you had all the money in the world you couldn't buy a better brand of salmon than John West's Middle-cut. The rich flavour and melting tenderness of it tempts a faddy man and feeds a hungry one like nothing else. John West's Middle-cut is salmon at its best, rich, red and juicy. Gently cooked to a tender turn, then swiftly sealed in all its natural oils to make a tasty, tempting, lavish feast.

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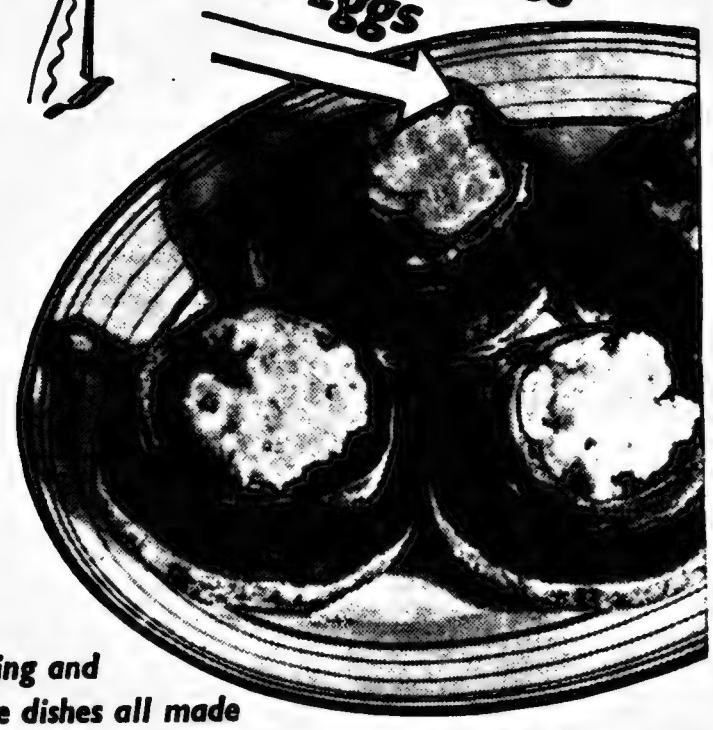

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(PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS)

# STORK MARGARINE

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*Patrons of the "Mice and Cheese" get hotted up*

***Not from the B.B.C.***

# Poetry in Pubs

*Don't go to the pub to-night, father,*
*Don't go to the pub to-night!*
*But stay at home with the familee,*
*And Ma will make you a cup of tea,*
*And all will then be right.*

*The Verse and Prose Reciters,*
*Who round our taverns roam,*
*Are due to-night to do their stuff.—*
*And surely this should be enough*
*To make you stay at home!*

I DON'T know how many (if any) students of this thought-provoking feature have met the Committee for Verse and Prose Recitation, whose mission in life is to spout poetry in pubs, but I'm happy to say that the "Mice and Cheese," which enjoys my patronage, has not yet fallen to its policy of encirclement.

Two years ago it began its missionary work of bringing sweetness and light to places given over to beer and skittles, and in its latest report it claims a large measure of success.

**These uplifters, it appears, yearn "to abolish the publichouse that is an unclean place of furtive self-indulgence, and to create or encourage the public-house that is a centre of happy social life, including the enjoyment of the arts."**

Oh, *do* they! And what about those, born and bred in the darts and skittles counties, who resent these invasions from Chelsea and Bloomsbury? Little wonder that in some pubs, as the Committee report, "a tranquil atmosphere was impossible," so that "self-protective loudness has been necessary" on the part of the performers.

Which, being interpreted, means that regular patrons, drinking delight of battle with their beers and engaged in serious discussion of foreign policy or the runners in the 4.30, have been shouted or bleated down by amateur reciters.

* * *

Doubtless these arty-crafty bar-stormers mean well. But nowadays there is anything but a shortage of what in the bright lexicon of the B.B.C. figures as "the highah culcha," and it is when we are fed to the tonsils with symphony concerts and improving "talks" that we hie us to a pubbery in the hope that there we will be safe from the uplift boys.

But, no, the verse propagandists look forward to the day "when ordinary people" (that means the likes of us) will "discuss poetry as they discuss football." When (and if) this sad state of affairs comes to pass, it will certainly prove something or other.

*When patrons of the "Mice and Cheese"*
*Get hotted up anent the claims*
*Of Virgil and Euripides,*
*And call each other nasty names;*
*When angry fists beat on the bar,*
*While old Jarge more than once repeats*

*That Tennyson and Byron are*
*Not fit to black the shoes of Keats;*
*When you hear "Juicy" Johnson shout:*
*"Aw, give me Wordsworth! Keats is bunk!"—*
*Then you will know, beyond a doubt*
*That you are definitely drunk!*

Y. Z.

# Amazing Confessions of a Secret Agent

a small way. They would undoubtedly agree. And we should succeed.

Easy, then, to tempt them on to a bigger operation.

Now I should persuade those firms to authorise me to enter into negotiations with other big firms in England which had money locked up in Germany.

The Gestapo had even framed a rough draft of the letter I could tender to British financial interests on behalf of the Czech business men.

It explained that a British firm with money in Germany that might never be freed could sell it for 65 per cent. of its real value and get payment in first-class sterling.

With such a proposition the going would be easy.

Now, these Gestapo economic advisers went on to tell me, it should be equally easy to incriminate Czechoslovakia on a very wide scale.

I would inform the two Czech firms that operations looked like reaching such a size that it would be better if a big Czech financial syndicate were formed.

**I WOULD THEN GET POLITICIANS, LEADING GOVERNMENT WORKERS, THE HEADS OF MANUFACTURERS' ORGANISATIONS AND OTHERS TO "COME IN" ON THE DEAL.**

Then I would be able to visit London as often as I liked. If I could get a similar syndicate going in England, so much the better. The bigger the scale of operations the better it suited a Gestapo determined to make Czechoslovakia look like a perfidious country planning the downfall of Germany.

The men gathered round that table, mainly young men, strove to give me the impression that they were talking to me with utter candour.

Not until long after was I to know that there was another part of their plans which they were not revealing to me at that moment—a plan that concerned Soviet Russia.

**For, as I was to discover, even as I was talking in the Magdeburg factory, they had already started efforts to involve the Soviet Government in the plot.**

With £10 in my pocket extracted from another Gestapo wallet—a small addition to the £120 Himmler handed me before I left Berlin—I left for Czechoslovakia.

I wrote my article on freeing money from Germany and sent it to England.

It was used. Excellent. The great plot was getting under way.

Letters from English firms began to arrive just as I had planned. I have handed them to the Editor of JOHN BULL to keep or destroy as he thinks fit now that I have shaken off the shackles of the Gestapo to begin life in a new name in a new country.

I was able to persuade one of the two Czech firms to get money out of Rumania and Bulgaria. One refused, probably smelt a rat.

THE other, the bigger firm, did what I wanted, but then boggled over getting money from Germany.

This looked a very serious set-back until the firm's financial adviser 'phoned me to say: "We couldn't do what you suggested as a firm, but I can arrange for it to be done as an individual."

Splendid. That meant that, with his help, I could set about creating the Czech syndicate to get money out of Germany, on the lines laid down by the Gestapo.

I gave him a free hand to interest as many Czech industrialists, politicians and others as he could—and soon he had provided me with a very useful list, and our syndicate was begun.

At last the day came when I was packing my bags to leave for England.

I was within twenty minutes of leaving for my train when a car slid up to the hotel door and a young local Nazi leader leapt out.

He dashed into my room out of breath. Obviously he had a very important message.

Continued from p. 24

**"You are to find out who handles the internal German marks taken to London by Jews and other refugees. We might be able to make a very useful addition to the scheme."**

He was very curt. Yes, the friendliness that Germans find it so easy to affect was oozing away from them where I was concerned.

But at any rate he drove me to the station.

He looked left and right before the train steamed out. Then he put his head through the window.

**"LOOK HERE, I DON'T THINK YOU ARE ENTIRELY TRUSTED," HE SAID. "THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO ARE SUSPICIOUS OF YOU. BUT HERR HEINLEIN ISN'T—AND BECAUSE HE IS NOT, I AM NOT."**

FOR the rest of the journey I had something to brood over. I had given up my legitimate ambitions, my career, almost my life itself, for the Nazis. I had sunk to the level of—yes, the word could not be avoided—a *traitor*.

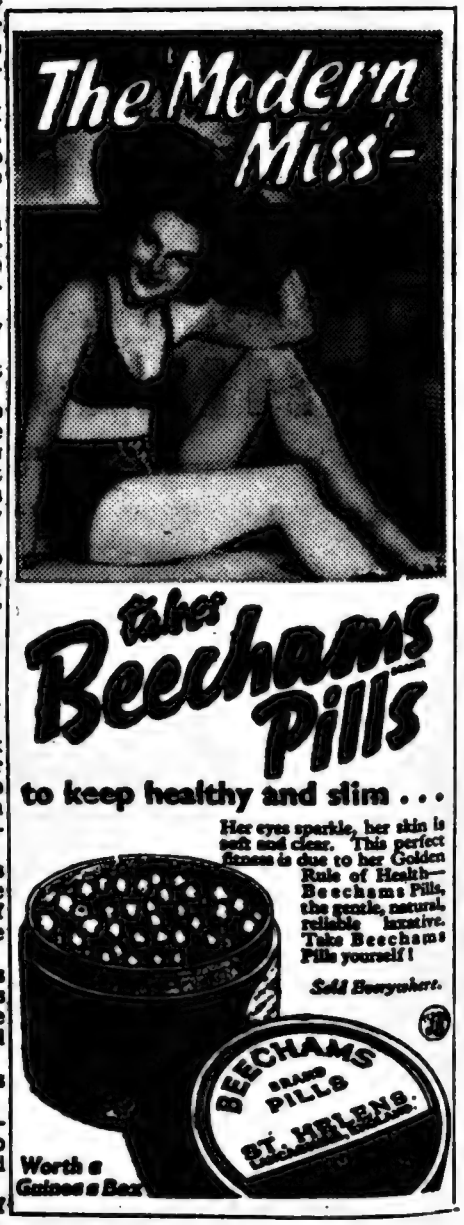
And they didn't trust me.

For the first time I considered a break away. But where could I go if the Gestapo told the truth about me, as I knew it would if it suited its own ends.

Then I thought of the efficiency of the German secret police system, as I had seen it. Fear took hold of me.

The nearer I got to England the more I was ready to obey my German masters.

(To be continued)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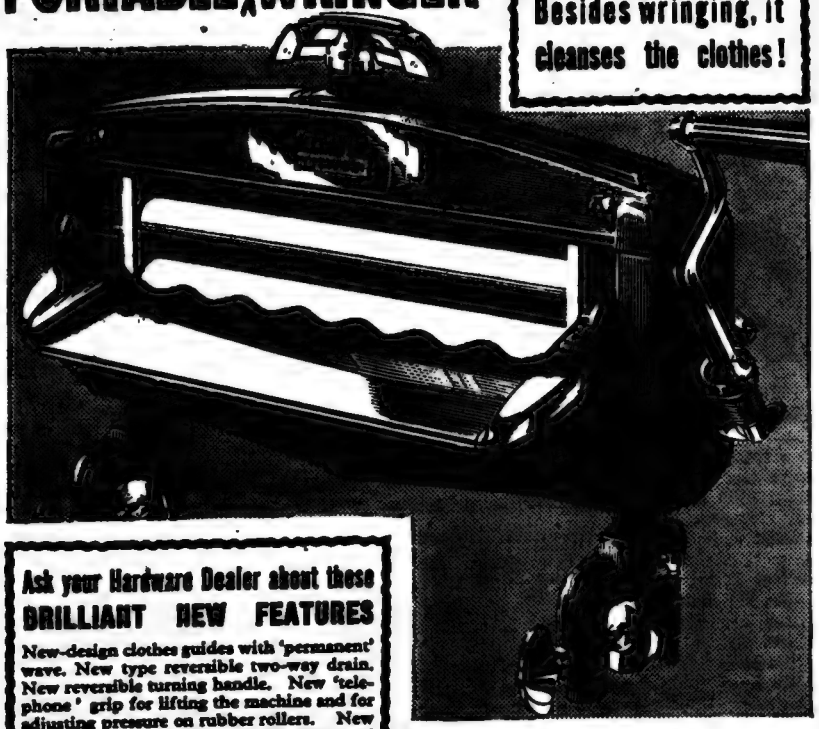

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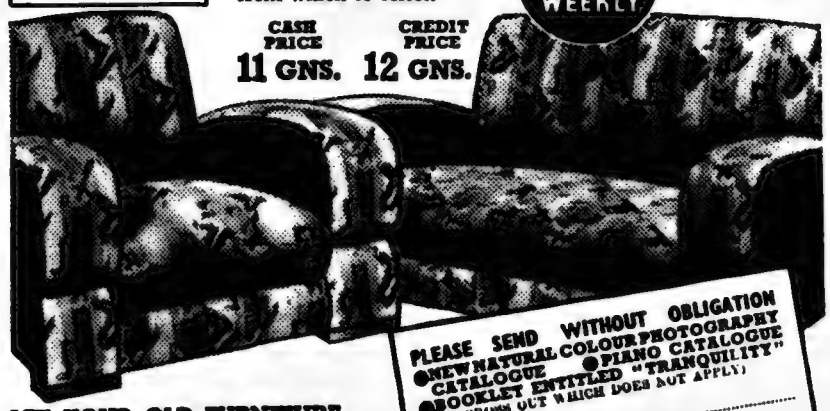

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# Reader's Story

## by E. W. Smith

*34, Esplanade, Harwich*

*One of the masked men was an interpreter from the office*

# HOLD-UP!

STRANGE, I thought, that the plump, carelessly dressed little man should have such self-assurance.

He walked up to the counter as if he could have bought the whole office if he'd wished. I was working in the Marseilles branch of a well-known firm of London bankers, and I guessed the stranger was a passenger in the homeward-bound P. and O. liner which had just docked.

From behind big glasses his black, beady eyes were fixed searchingly on me.

He stared for a moment or two, then asked for the manager by name. I told him he had not yet arrived.

"Then give me a sheet or two of paper and some postcards," he said, in perfect English. He put a pound note on the counter and, without waiting for his change, went over to the writing-table and began to write.

Presently he returned with a letter, which he handed over.

"You are English, of course?" he asked.

"I am," I replied.

"Good." He added peremptorily: "Hand this letter to the manager."

"Very well, sir," I replied, though I resented his dictatorial manner. His lounge suit fitted badly, I noticed.

With a broad grin he strolled out into the street, without bothering to pick up his change. I was about to follow him when the manager himself met me in the doorway.

I had not been long in the Marseilles branch, but from the first I had distrusted the thick-set, furtive Austrian, although he was outwardly genial.

"What did His Highness want?" he asked.

"His Highness!" I repeated.

"WELL, he's one of the best-known living Princes," he returned with something like a sneer, "and one of the richest men in the world."

He mentioned his name. It was a household word! "No wonder he forgot the change from his pound note," was all I could say.

"Ah, he is like that," said the manager. "If he likes the look of a clerk or servant he often gives him a tip in a roundabout way. But what did he want?"

I gave him the letter, and he took it away into his private room.

One afternoon, a short time later, the manager called me in.

"His Highness has wired from Monte Carlo," he said. "You remember he gave you a letter for me?

"You can read it." He threw the letter across the table. It contained an instruction by the Prince that during his stay in Monte Carlo he wanted me to be sent as special messenger to him when needed.

"To-day His Highness instructs me to send him twenty thousand pounds in notes to be delivered personally to him at the Hotel de Paris. You are to be entrusted with the money.

"I have ordered a car to be here at five o'clock, and the money will be sealed in a leather satchel."

"It's a lot of money," I observed. "Suppose someone knew of it? Suppose there was a hold-up?"

"NONSENSE!" sniffed my chief. "We often have to send him larger sums than this. He gambles heavily. Who should know you are going there?"

All the same, I had my suspicions about this job. I did not trust the manager, and I did not like his furtive looks, but then I had equally little faith in the three or four interpreters he employed. They all seemed to be his cronies.

But more especially I doubted whether the letter purporting to be from the Prince was really from him. I had seen his writing on the envelope and also on a postcard he had thrown away. The letter seemed to me a clumsy forgery.

Was this a plant? And was I going to be the victim?

The car was waiting outside the office on time, and I ordered the chauffeur to drive first to my flat so that I could see my wife. I was with her only a few minutes, but when I left I felt more confident.

Our route, soon after leaving Frejus, lay along a wooded road almost deserted at the time, for it was getting dark. At a bend at the top of the hill I saw a large car drawn up across the road.

As I suspected. A hold-up.

My driver had to stop, and at once two masked men, holding automatics, signalled to us to put up our hands. My indignant protests had no effect.

THEY opened the door, switched on a powerful electric torch and grabbed the leather satchel from behind my back. I recognised one of the interpreters.

Their car was turned round and tore off towards Marseilles. I chuckled as I ordered my driver to go on to Monte Carlo. As every fresh mile widened the gap between us I chuckled more, because, you see, the satchel only contained brown paper.

Reaching Monte, I left the car outside the hotel and strolled down to the station, where I waited until the train drew in from Marseilles. Then I met my wife.

"Thank heaven I've got here safely," she cried, as she handed over a heavy old bag. "Carrying all that money has scared me."

"But I was right," I told her. "They staged a hold-up."

At the hotel the Prince was expecting me. I apologised for being late and for the aged bag and said there was a reason for it. He asked no questions, took the parcels, checked the money and signed a receipt. He insisted on my having a couple of "fivers" for my trouble.

"Perhaps," he said, scrutinising me, "perhaps it is a cheap price for your services." And with that cryptic remark we parted.

My own belief was that he did not trust the bank manager more than I did, but I could not say anything.

The next morning the manager was already at the office when I arrived. I banged the receipt down on his desk.

"Your forgery was clumsy," I said loudly. "I happened to know His Highness's writing. If you hadn't been a fool as well as a robber you would have shown nothing at all."

"You're the fool!" he spluttered. He saw pretence was useless. "We intended to square you all right."

"So you took me for a thief as well, eh?" I shouted angrily.

"Get out of my room!" he screamed. He rose to strike me, but I let out quickly and caught him on the chin. He staggered backwards on his chair and fell.

Threatening vengeance, he left the bank, and soon after disappeared, together with the interpreters. It was thought that they had escaped to Barcelona by boat.

My employers had their reasons for not wanting publicity about the robbery I had foiled. They rewarded me by offering to make me manager of the branch.

Whether His Highness the Prince ever learnt the true facts I cannot say. But if this should come to his eyes he will know how he was once nearly robbed of twenty thousand pounds.

## *Your First-Aid Course*

Have you sent for the first book in JOHN BULL'S great new Home Training Course, "First-Aid in the Home"? You must hurry. The last Reservation Forms appear in this issue.

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Turn at once to page 3 and post your Reservation Forms to-day. The first book will be sent you by return.

Remember, this is your last chance. The Reservation Forms will not appear next week.

# Snap!

**MLLE. YLLA,** the world-famous Parisian photographer of animals, relied on Ilford materials for this photograph. Below she gives you some hints.

**1 Try a characteristic pose**

*Wait for a typical or characteristic pose. Try taking a pelican like this, a giraffe bending right down over bars, a lion dead-on with emphasis on mane, a hippo with mouth wide open or a sea lion craning for fish.*

**2 Exposure**

*Strong sunlight advisable so that coat markings stand out clearly.*

*Background for strong contrast only.*

*Minimum exposure with sufficient depth of focus to get whole head and breast sharp.*

**3 Use SELO films**

**SELO ORTHO** — for all-round snapshotting.

**SELOCHROME** — extra fast for high speed work.

**SELO FINE GRAIN** Panchromatic, colour sensitive.

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*The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 25.*

# 6 reasons why ANDREWS is the Ideal Laxative

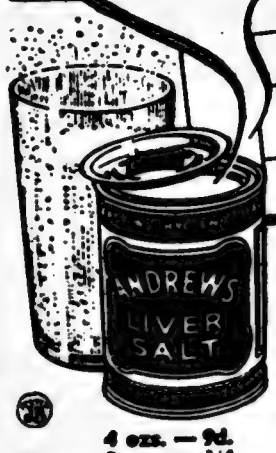
*Excuse me— Inner Cleanliness comes first!*

A refreshing and cooling drink.

Children love it. Suits entire family.

Sweetens the breath, settles the stomach, clears the bowels.

Has an invigorating Tonic effect.




4 ozs. — 9d.
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Read these reasons carefully. There are others of course, including Andrews special tonic action on the liver—freeing you from Liver Attacks, Headaches and Biliousness. But of all the reasons why Andrews is the ideal laxative, "Inner Cleanliness" comes first. Andrews sweetens the mouth and stomach. Tones up the liver, gently clears the bowels. This deepdown Inner Cleanliness leaves you refreshed, invigorated, brighter and happier. Get your own tin of Andrews Liver Salt to-day.

REFRESHED? I should say so. I'm tingling, I'm glowing all over after my bath with Palmolive. It's a daily habit with me, this regular all-over lathering with *olive oil* soap, as you see by my Schoolgirl Complexion. I'm clean, thoroughly clean, because the olive oil in Palmolive (so say 20,000 experts) has soothed and toned up my skin. So I'm lovely to look at, I'm fresh as a daisy, I'm *fragrant*, I'm Schoolgirl Complexion all over — for I'm just out of my Palmolive bath!

## It Takes More Than Two to Make a Happy Romance

# A Wedding has been Arranged..

● *Happy in the open air—away from family prejudice. But there is always the dread that her father will oppose their romance*

CHARMING and beautiful, at twenty she has found a young man she loves He is a fine, steady lad, and he, too, is in love. There is nothing to prevent them marrying except—religion.

The girl's mother writes to tell me the story. . . .

"The young man's religion is a source of great annoyance to my husband, who says some very cutting things about it. I know he would forbid my daughter to see him if he discovered the truth.

"But as the young man does not live in the same town my husband has not enquired what church he attends.

"Ought I to tell my husband and so end the friendship between my daughter and this boy? I never tell him untruths, although I have found him out in dozens.

"What a lot of unpleasantness arises from differences in religion, and yet there is only one God."

Fortunately there is very little intolerance in religious matters to-day. This may be due to broad-mindedness or to indifference—but it is so. Most people feel that if a man lives a clean, honest life it does not matter much what Church he attends.

We rarely get excited about disputes over creeds as our forefathers did. It is a pity that the writer's husband feels so bitterly.

All the same it would be wrong to keep him in the dark until after the wedding. He would feel—justifiably—that there had been a conspiracy to deceive him. He relies on the good faith of his wife.

WHY has she written to me about the problem? Simply because her conscience is troubled about keeping silent. I admit that the telling of the truth does not open up a pleasant prospect.

It seems a shame that the friendship between the young people should have to end because the father is prejudiced against the man's religion.

There is a hope that the older man may change his attitude. If he likes the young fellow he may regard him as the one exception to the general rule; he may even reconsider his opinions.

In any case he should be deeply concerned about his own daughter's happiness.

I think that with tactful handling he may come round in time.

Now for another family problem. The writer of this letter is the eldest son in a family of twelve. He has helped his brothers and sisters to get started in life and contributed for years towards the expenses of the household.

When his father died several years ago the son was shocked to discover his parents' many debts.

"The family would have nothing to do with these debts, and I took it on myself to clear them," he writes. "Despite the weekly sums I sent home I had a constant flow of letters begging for money. I never refused, and the 'loans' were never repaid.

"After my marriage these letters continued to come to my business address, but it became impossible for me to send the money. My wife did not know I had been helping the family. A few months ago I had put myself in an awkward hole through being too generous, and for the first time in my life I had to refuse.

"This decision brought a provocative letter from my sister which got into my wife's hands. I was obliged to tell the whole story. Very concisely, in a manner of which I did not think she was capable, my wife wrote to explain that I had not married till I was 30, and that surely I was entitled to think of myself for a change.

"This letter was forwarded to my mother, who replied that they were leaving the old address and that I need not trouble to write any more. She did not give the new address. She concluded, 'You can cut me out of your life and regard me as dead. I shall never worry you for anything again.'"

The writer wants to know whether he ought to try to find his family.

I advise him to do what his mother suggests. The family is deliberately hiding—probably with the idea of punishing him! Considering the way he has treated them for years, their attitude is childishly unreasonable.

He does not know where they are, but they know where he is; hence the whole responsibility rests with them. The man has been far too generous all along. He has allowed the family to sponge on him dreadfully.

THE next problem is extremely interesting. It comes from a man of 36. His father, it seems, had made a vow that he (the son) should marry his cousin and the two were brought up in this expectation. Being fond of one another, they looked upon the "duty" as a pleasant one.

Now for the complications:—

"I had a pal at work who told me one day that he was getting married at short notice. As he had never mentioned his fiancée I was rather surprised, but I congratulated him and agreed to go with him to the wedding. We set out on my bike, but half-way on the journey I crashed. My pal was killed outright but I escaped with minor injuries.

"I broke the news to the girl. She was terribly distressed, and after the funeral told me she was going to have a baby. That was why the wedding was so hurriedly planned.

"Feeling that I was indirectly responsible for my friend's death, I there and then offered to marry the girl. She gladly agreed and within a week we were married by licence.

"I went back to work and wrote to my cousin explaining everything. I received an understanding reply which naturally contained some regrets.

"The child was born and taken to live with my wife's mother. Eventually I found a job which enabled me to settle down, and for the first time in four years of married life we had a home together. About this time a son was born."

The letter is long and I must tell the rest of the story briefly. The cousin now got into trouble and the man declined to marry her. The writer of the letter told his wife and suggested that the cousin should come and stay with them.

She was there for some months.

"Since then," the man writes, "I have lost all affection for my wife.

"I know that I should have been much happier married to my cousin. We understood each other so well."

The man wants to know whether he would be justified in getting a separation. He is ready to support his wife and the son, but realises that the sort of life they are now leading is impossible.

IT is not surprising that the marriage is not a success. Neither has pretended to love the other.

Temperamentally, the pair are at loggerheads. They have different ideas, different values, different tastes.

I have not advised immediate separation. I have suggested that the man should go away for a holiday where he can think things over dispassionately and see them in proportion.

His wife will be able to do the same. They may agree to make another attempt, but I rather fancy they will both decide that separation is best.

---

**HUMANIST** invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

## HUMANIST'S PAGE


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Slide-top tin (50 full-size tablets) 1/3.

Look for the signature—

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Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

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Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

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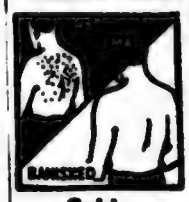
Mother's Gratitude

Grasty Lane, Birmingham.

I wish to let you know how thankful I was, after using only part of a tin of Germolene Ointment, to find my little boy's arm healing after a very trying time of Blood Poisoning. I wish I had tried it at first. I'll never be without Germolene in the house again.

Yours truly, Mrs. E. G.

Germolene—
Can HEAL it — CLEAN!




Germolene is the World's Greatest Healer—soothes instantly—heals rapidly! Wonderful for ALL Skin Afflictions, including

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**2½ lbs. of apples to every flagon.. 10½D**

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## CROSSWORD No. 159.
### TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

ON page 40 is presented the 159th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following: The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.; and Mr. Stephen Potter, Lecturer on English, London University.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, July 13, 1939. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly new BLOT-PROOF "Crossword Gazette," obtainable by ordering with entry the Reservation Coupon on page 40. The Second Prize will be awarded to the Competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.


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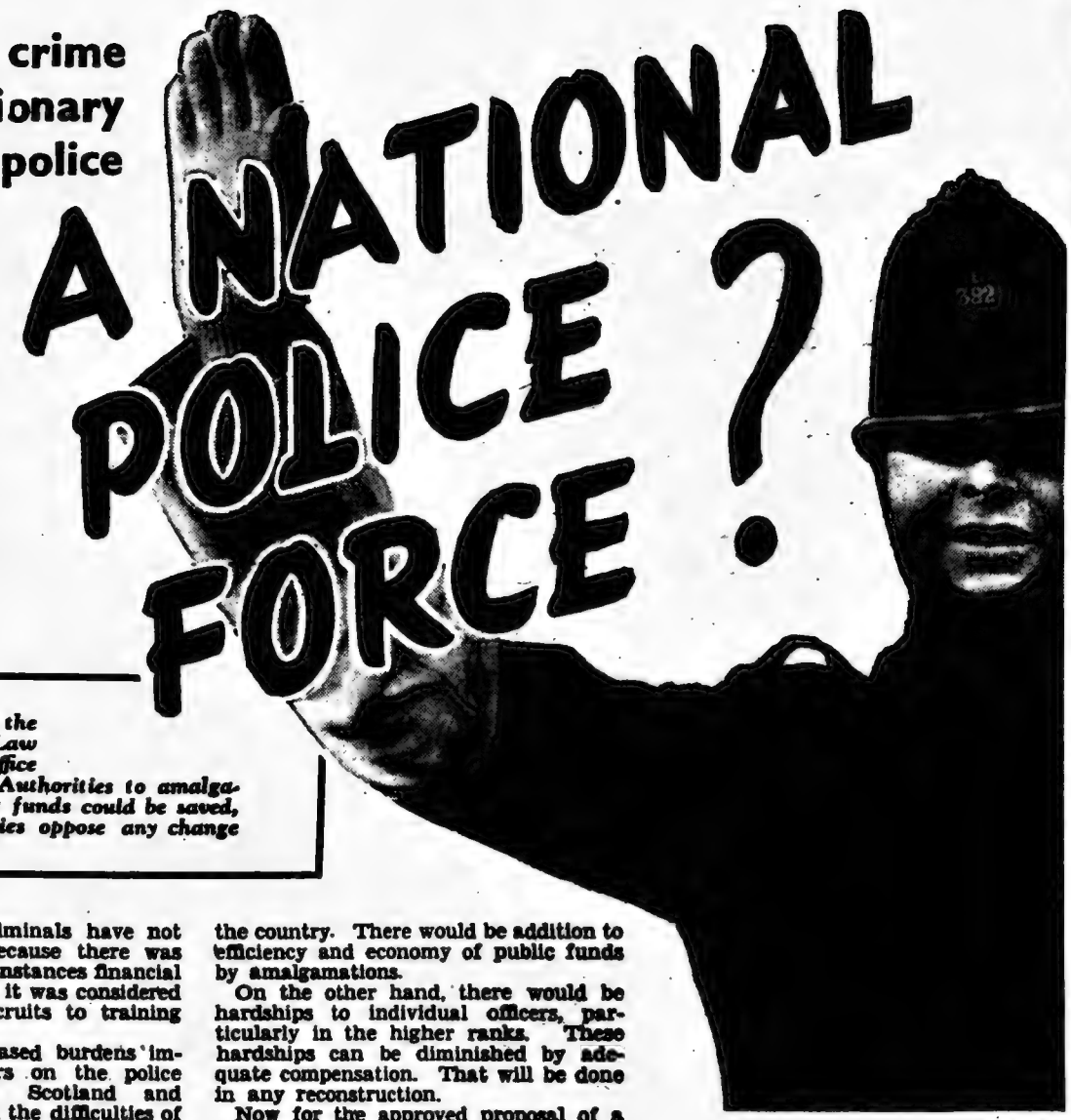
It takes but one minute for Dr. Scholl Zino-pads to relieve pain and only a few days to soften and loosen corns and callouses, so they lift right out—painlessly. Cushion and protect sore toes and tender spots; prevent blisters. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, and Corns-between-toes. From all Chemists and Dr. Scholl's Depots. 1/3d. per pkt.

**Dr. Scholl Zino-pads**

The Good-Natured Laxative
# LIXEN

# Stanley Bishop, our famous crime reporter, describes revolutionary changes planned for Britain's police




**BEHIND the scenes in Parliament and Whitehall plans are being made for a *national detective force*, and for wide amalgamation between provincial police forces.**

Both objects will be attained, and with them greater efficiency and economy.

There will be a kind of "national flying squad" of skilled detectives, all specialists in different phases of crime, and a number of the smaller police forces in England and Scotland will be merged with their neighbours by voluntary agreement.

The establishment of a completely national police force, administered under the Home Office, is not contemplated at the moment, but is advocated as a future ideal.

Why are the reforms to be made? Let us look at the present "police position" and we shall see the need for change.

Now the aid of Scotland Yard can be obtained in case of serious crime by any police force in the country providing the call comes within reasonable time. No cost is thrown on local police funds for the service of the "Yard" men

Further, one provincial police force can always seek the assistance of another, but it must pay for it. Obviously it would be unfair for one county or city to pay for help given to another. The position of Scotland Yard, coming directly under the Home Secretary, is entirely different.

***To strengthen the arm of the Law the Home Office wants Local Authorities to amalgamate. Public funds could be saved, but reactionaries oppose any change***

**Should there be any dispute over charges for police service between one local authority and another, then the matter is referred for settlement to the Home Office.**

The Home Office Inspectors of Constabulary for England and Wales, who study these calls for help, are strongly in favour of eliminating the small force.

Said one Inspector in his last report: "Some forces are too small to justify the administration and cannot provide even simple equipment.

"In some cases criminals have not been photographed because there was no camera. In other instances financial difficulties arose when it was considered necessary to send recruits to training courses."

Generally the increased burdens imposed in recent years on the police throughout England, Scotland and Wales have intensified the difficulties of the small forces.

And it is those difficulties the Home Office and Scottish Office want to prevent by encouraging amalgamations, and establishing a national detective squad.

**Just think of this: there are in England, Wales and Scotland 235 separate police forces.**

There is one English borough which maintains a police force of head constable and ten men. In one Welsh county the muster is a chief constable and twenty-one other ranks. Several of the Scottish counties have fewer than thirty men.

Sixteen counties and six boroughs in England and Wales have no regular full-time detectives. Nor have a number of Scottish authorities. Yet at any time intricate investigations may have to be made. Facilities for dealing on the spot with serious crime just do not exist.

And there is no system which compels these small forces to ask for help from larger and better equipped authorities in the district.

IT is left to the discretion of the chief constable. If he decides in his wisdom to carry on without assistance, he is quite entitled to do so. The responsibility is his alone.

Not long ago the Home Office drafted a Bill for the amalgamation of the smaller borough police establishments with the adjoining county authorities.

Local opposition through Members of Parliament was so strong that the measure was dropped.

**Consequently the Home Office and the Scottish Office now have a policy of "encouraging amalgamations"—which often do not take place—and of proceeding quietly and jointly with the scheme for a national flying squad.**

The Scottish Office has met with more rebuffs in its gentle persuasion than the Home Office. But now it is quite certain, in view of the reports of the Inspectors of Constabulary, that if fusions are not brought about when they are asked for, there will be legislative power of enforcement.

By mergers a great deal of money would be saved in the long run. The Exchequer would gain half of any saving, as it pays half the cost of Britain's police.

The view of the experts is this: there are too many separate police forces in the country. There would be addition to efficiency and economy of public funds by amalgamations.

On the other hand, there would be hardships to individual officers, particularly in the higher ranks. These hardships can be diminished by adequate compensation. That will be done in any reconstruction.

Now for the approved proposal of a national detective squad.

It is suggested that the whole country should be split into divisions, which will approximate to the existing assize circuits.

Scotland Yard—as now—will have a roving commission on call anywhere in England or Wales.

**In each division selected detectives, specialists in different crimes, will be ready to take over any case within the area.**

FOR example, Birmingham and Nottingham detectives will be the experts for the Midlands. Cardiff and Bristol men for the West. Wakefield and Leeds detectives for the rural districts of the West Riding. Liverpool and Manchester men for North Wales and the North West, Newcastle for the North East. London will automatically cover the South and Eastern Counties.

Linked with the detective flying squad will be the police laboratories at various centres.

Scotland's serious crime will be dealt with by Glasgow and Edinburgh.

By this scheme every specialised detective, *wherever he may be stationed*, will be used. And, after all, Scotland Yard has no monopoly of talent. There are detectives in the provinces equal to any officer there.

Qualification in experience with some particular form of crime will put a detective in the national flying squad.

Obviously, London will provide the largest recruitment, because the Metropolitan Police have more specialists than any other police force.

BUT the best available man will always take charge, whether he is picked from Southampton or Hull or elsewhere. Because of his particular knowledge, he will be sent to co-operate with the local men on the spot.

**Arguments have been put forward that this scheme could not operate, but they come from the reactionaries who do not want to see changes in their accustomed routine.**

Broadly, that is the paper plan for a reorganisation of crime detection which appeals to the Home Office and the Scottish Office. It has its pitfalls, of course, and they can be smoothed out only with practice. But it promises to be wonderfully effective.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DO IT NOW

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FREDA: "and when Dick told me what was wrong, I could have cried."
KATHLEEN: "One minute is all I can spare for making-up in the morning."
BETTY: "Why, I felt everyone was looking at my shiny nose."

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## Snowfire

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**EVERY MORNING AND NIGHT**

The first step is to put some good dentifrice on your Halex toothbrush. Then start to brush—not the old back and forwards way, but round and round, so that the springy Halex bristles reach into every crevice.

When you've done the outside of your teeth, get to work on the inside. The Halex toothbrush is specially shaped to reach all those out-of-sight places where decay might start.

Next massage your gums. The springy Halex bristle stimulates them into the brisk circulation they need to keep firm and healthy.

Now you've finished. Doesn't your mouth feel it's had exercise! and don't forget—that fresh tingling feeling is helping you to a lovelier smile!

Your smile is a very important part of your charm—and the Halexercise can give you an even nicer smile! Do the Halexercise twice a day! You must use a Halex toothbrush because you need the springy Halex bristle to make the exercise a success. Halex bristle reaches into every cranny—springs back to polish the surface—bends again to get between the teeth—then firmly and gently massages the gums. Two minutes' Halexercise daily gives you pearly white teeth and a healthy freshness in your mouth that makes you want to smile! And how charming that smile will be! Buy a Halex toothbrush and start the Halexercise to-day! Nine shapes from 6d. to 2/-. Made in England by Halex Limited, Hale End, London, E.4.

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The Halex brush with a long head.
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The Halex short head, one of the three best-selling brushes.

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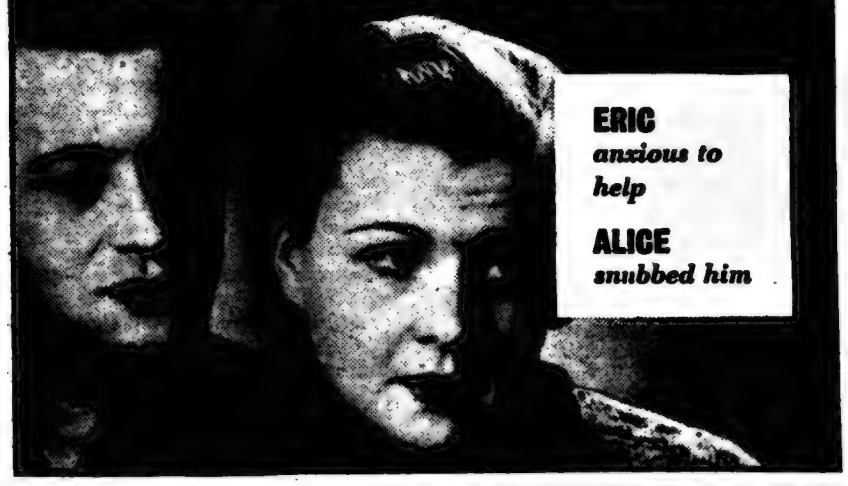
DO IT WITH A **HALEX** TOOTHBRUSH

*The brush with SPRINGY bristles*



# ALICE'S BLUE GOWN



1
ALICE, DO STOP GRUMBLING ABOUT BEING HARD UP! IF YOU WANT SOME NEW CLOTHES, WHY NOT GO TO THE SALES?
BECAUSE I'M TOO TIRED TO TRAIL AROUND CROWDED SHOPS.

2 NEXT DAY
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3 THE FOLLOWING MONDAY
YOU CAN'T TELL ME THESE GRUBBY THINGS WON'T NEED HARD RUBBING!
THEY WON'T! RINSO WILL GET THIS WASH BRILLIANT WITH JUST A 2-MINUTE BOIL FOR THE WHITES, AND A 12-MINUTE SOAK FOR THE COLOUREDS.

4 A LITTLE LATER
OH, ROSE, YOU WERE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT ABOUT RINSO! THE WASH LOOKS GRAND! AND I'VE FINISHED IN HALF THE TIME. I'LL NEVER BE TIRED OUT AGAIN!
AND YOU'VE SAVED 30-MINUTES' FUEL, TOO!

5 NEXT DAY
DARLING, D'YOU KNOW I'M CRAZY ABOUT YOU? WHERE DID YOU GET THAT LOVELY BLUE FROCK?
IN THE SALES. GLAD YOU LIKE IT, DEAR.
THINKS GLAD I DISCOVERED RINSO, TOO!

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**By Frank Hedley**

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For Alf was one of those unfortunates who are inflamed by hops. One of the nicest men alive in his sober moments, and a model husband, the fact remains that malt liquor made him truculent and even bloodthirsty.

Give him five or six pints and he waxed vicious, and was all for knocking somebody's block off—anybody's block.

He would take a swipe at any block within reach. In practice there never was one within reach when he was properly hotted up. His friends had all suffered at his hands at one time or another, and they had grown watchful.

They kept a lively eye on his movements and his expression. When, with a wicked red gleam beneath his scowling brows, he would begin to dance on his big feet and heave his shoulders suggestively—that was the signal to scram.

It was Alf's practice to lead with the left, and to reck not where it landed.

Strictly impartial, was Alf. Friend or foe, it was all the same to him. If he could get within striking distance somebody was bound to bid good-bye to immediate matters for a time.

Stories of his prowess were rife; how he had slugged the champion of the West Kent Regiment to a standstill; how he had been set on by six of the Shoreditch Razor Boys and had laid them out one after the other.

A terror, this Alf. Six feet two in his socks with shoulders like footballs, a chest like a barrel, and dynamite in both hands.

Ask Mrs. Burdock, Elizabeth in full, but just Liz to all and sundry.

It was rarely that you saw Liz without a fat eye, or some other legacy of strife. For Alf blotted his copybook regularly once a week. Bereft of opponents, blind in his fuddled state to chivalry, he pressed Liz into service as a sparring-partner.

Round about nine o'clock, breathing murder, he would forsake the bar whence all but he had fled, and stride purposefully towards Black Horse Alley, where Liz would be waiting in the front room.

A big, gaunt woman with magnificent arms, and that tough look which comes from grappling with life at close quarters, she carried herself insolently and swivelled a defiant eye.

It was a point of honour with her to be awaiting his ungentle attentions. She would have scorned to run away, or to knuckle under without a fight.

FURTHERMORE, Liz was no set-up, by any means. She was fast becoming a seasoned veteran. She knew as much about the straight left, the right hook, and the cross-counter as Alf did. Her footwork was that of a ballet-dancer, and her sparring, wary and businesslike, would have done credit to the foxiest of pugs.

It was the proud boast of Liz that her man had never knocked her out. As soon as she was in trouble she would dive into a clinch like an old stager.

Of course, when Alf was through there would be maudlin tears. It would come home to him that he had beaten up the best pal he ever had, and he would be bowed down by black remorse.

Such was the state of things when the fighting parson came along. Muscular Christianity was a new one on Alf Burdock. He had never yet met the parson who was willing to stand up and fight for his principles, and he treated the tales he heard of the new curate as so much eye-wash.

THE mere notion of the Cloth involving its dignity in a rough-house provoked his ribald laughter. He just couldn't see curates mixed up with cross-counters.

It was this particular parson's practise to recruit his congregation from the pubs. He would chat to them over a pint of beer and suggest that they drop in some time and sing a hymn or two.

One Saturday night rumour flew in at the door of the Lord Nelson. The fighting parson was on his way. He had just left the Coat of Arms.

Alf Burdock hitched up his slacks and tightened his belt.

"Ha!" he said, "fighting parson, eh? We'll soon see what sort of a fighting parson 'e is."

Hard on the heels of those words the door opened to let in a black clerical hat and an inviting smile.

"Good evening, boys," said the Reverend John Canvey. The Church advanced, and its advance was impressive. Five feet eleven of bone and muscle walking on the springy feet of an athlete. A swing and a roll to its progress, and a level glance out of fearless blue eyes.

"Good evening and good night, see?" said the truculent Alf. "This ain't a sewing meeting."

"Hullo, there," laughed the Reverend John, "have you got a grudge against the world?"

"I've got a grudge," explained Alf, "against parsons that poke their noses into working-men's pubs."

"That's too bad," said the parson, good-naturedly. "Don't you like the look of my nose? Come, have a drink. Life's too short to quarrel."

"No," proceeded Alf, suddenly draining his tankard, and approaching the other with a business-like air. "I don't like the look of any of you. I don't like yer graveyard clothes, or yer damn-fool collar, or yer silly hat. *And* as for yer nose, I'm going ter pull that, see?"

And, as the boys instinctively stood away, Alf shot out a rude hand, got a grip on the said member, and twisted it hard. He had counted on blocking the parson's reply with his guard, but he was too late.

A BEAUTIFUL short arm jab connected—*bang!*—with his jaw, and Alf Burdock realised that he had caught a tartar. The fight was on.

"Go on, parson!" yelled the crowd, while the landlord vaulted the counter to lock the door. "Two to one on the parson. Wrap 'im up! Put 'im to sleep!"

Alf danced away, measuring his man, who was on his toes, balanced, wary, limber, an honest-to-God specimen of fighting fitness.

Suddenly the parson's left shot out like a bullet from a gun—one—two—landing crisply on Alf's nose. Stung, Alf went in two-handed to mix things, was met by a guard like a brick wall, and walloped by a hefty right.

One!—two!—three!—said his opponent's flickering fists, leaving blood behind them and vanishing stars.

The crowd shrieked. The parson was promoted to an odds-on chance. Alf gritted his teeth and looked grim as he took his boxing-lesson.

Rough-and-tumble methods, he saw, wouldn't do here. This parson was rich in experience. So far he had avoided all Alf's efforts to get home a solid punch. Alf was bleeding, and his man was unmarked.

"A straight left," said Alf to himself, "to fend him off till I get a chance to take one out o' the box."

The "one out of the box" had never yet failed.

They fought on. They fought under public-house rules in one continuous round without intervals, without cold-water refresher, without the skilled attention of seconds. And Alf, alive to the parson's potentialities, began to make a better showing. He fought with craft, with cunning.

*"Alf twisted it hard!"*

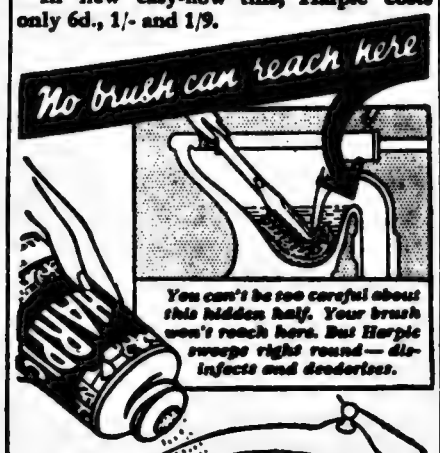
He was not wanting in stamina. Years of carrying hods of bricks up ladders had hardened him, kept him fit.

(continued on page 42)


**ARE YOU CLEANING ONLY HALF YOUR LAVATORY?**

HARPIC not only keeps the bowl spotlessly white. It sweeps right round that hidden bend in the pipe, cleans thoroughly where no brush can ever reach. It disinfects and deodorises at the same time. You just sprinkle Harpic, leave as long as possible, then flush.

In new easy-flow tins, Harpic costs only 6d., 1/- and 1/9.


No brush can reach here
You can't be too careful about this hidden bend. Your brush won't reach here. But Harpic sweeps right round—disinfects and deodorises.
HARPIC

CLEANS · DISINFECTS · DEODORISES

**HARPIC for the lavatory**

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON



**MOTHERS' PROBLEM WITH GROWING GIRLS.**

Many mothers do not realise that when their daughters are approaching their 'teens complete and regular bowel movements are of vital importance. That is why doctors and nurses recommend a regular liquid laxative. But any strong medicine may easily harm the child and lead to serious internal troubles in later life. The ideal liquid laxative for the female constitution is 'California Syrup of Figs' because it is efficient yet gentle and safe. Give your daughters a dose once a week to make sure that the bowels are clean and entirely free from poisonous waste. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6.



**FYNNON FOR FITNESS**

**On her feet from 6 a.m. to bedtime!**

Can a woman keep fit and well who is on her feet up to 16 hours a day? Thousands of brave women with homes and families to look after manage to keep going early and late. Here is the secret of one amazing woman, who seems to thrive on work.

"I have a bed-ridden invalid to care for, a home to keep going and a dairy to look after—all with one pair of hands," writes Mrs. E. Cooke, of Preston. "But Fynnon Salt keeps me fit and capable of doing my work all day long, from 6 in the morning until bed-time. It also keeps me free from Rheumatism. I cannot speak too highly of it. No wonder you say 'Fynnon For Fitness!'"

To keep up your energy and keep down ugly fat, sluggishness and Rheumatic pains, take a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a tumblerful of water every morning of your life. Fynnon's natural mineral elements are the elements found in celebrated Spa Waters. They rouse liver and kidneys, cleanse the system of toxins and acid waste and give you Nature's greatest impetus to sparkling health and fitness.

Large tins (a month's supply) 1/3 from all Chemists.

## A Tired, Worn-out, Nervy, Rundown Woman makes a Poor Wife

**At last, you too can have the Minerals and Vitamins which bring you new Health, Vigour, Strength, Calm Nerves, Rich Red Blood.**

The Mineral and Vitamin refuelling treatments were once only for the rich. Extracting the Minerals and Vitamins was a costly process. "Vikelp" today gives to you the health, strength and vigour which yesterday only the rich could afford — Because in "Vikelp" is concentrated a sea plant which grows in abundance in the Pacific Ocean. It is the world's richest known single source of 9 of the 12 life-giving minerals plus vitamins. "Vikelp" contains, in easily assimilable form, Food Iodine, Iron, Copper, Calcium, Phosphorus, Sodium, Potassium, Magnesium, Sulphur, Manganese and the important Vitamins, especially Vitamin B. These are absolutely essential to the well-being of the human system.

If you are weak, rundown, nervy, anæmic, depressed — suffer from stomach ailments, sciatica or other "deficiency" diseases — "Re-fuel" yourself with "Vikelp." At once your glandular secretions begin to flow — you become vigorous, vital, alive — it revitalizes the nerves, re-energises and rejuvenates the whole system. Every part of you feels stronger — nerves calm — eyes sparkle — you feel new life surging through your whole being. You make yourself and others happy.

IF IN DOUBT this is your guarantee — take "Vikelp" Brand Mineral-Vitamin Tablets for 10 days. If you feel that it has not done all that we told you, merely send back the cartons and your money will be refunded. Start "Vikelp" today.

Prices: 1/9d. Test Size — 3/6d. ten-day Guarantee Size — 6/9d. Economy Size — 17/6d. Hospital Size.

NOTICE to VIKELP USERS

'Vikelp' Tablets are now sold in a SMALL CONCENTRATED TASTELESS FORM for SWALLOWING as well as large Eating Tablets

YOUR CHEMIST HAS BOTH

VIKELP MINERAL-VITAMIN TABLETS



## THE ACID IN YOUR STOMACH WOULD BURN A HOLE IN A CARPET




(From actual photo)

To get relief from indigestion you must take the burning fire out of excess stomach acid. In recent tests, this kind of acid burned a hole right through a carpet. These tests also proved that RENNIE tablets can make burning excess stomach acid as mild as milk. RENNIES can do this because they reach your stomach *full-strength*. They are not diluted with water. They flow down in natural saliva. At once, the 15 scientifically blended ingredients start to work. Some neutralize excess acid. Pancreatin helps to digest food. Bismuth and Kaolin protect delicate stomach lining.

With *excess acid* made as mild as milk, pain stops. You can eat anything. Simply take 2 or 3 RENNIES after meals. Separately wrapped, carried loose in pocket or handbag—no fussing with glasses of water. One delighted user says, "I call them 'Rennies' from heaven." Every chemist sells Digestif RENNIE Brand Tablets. Large trial size, 6d. Four times as much 1/6.

DIGESTIF RENNIES NO WATER NEEDED

MAKE EXCESS STOMACH ACID MILD AS MILK



## YADIL CONQUERS HAY FEVER

Don't suffer from Hay Fever this summer. Get YADIL, the famous antiseptic which can be taken like ordinary medicine. Will banish the germs from your system and keep you free from infection. Remember, at the first sneeze use YADIL and be safe.

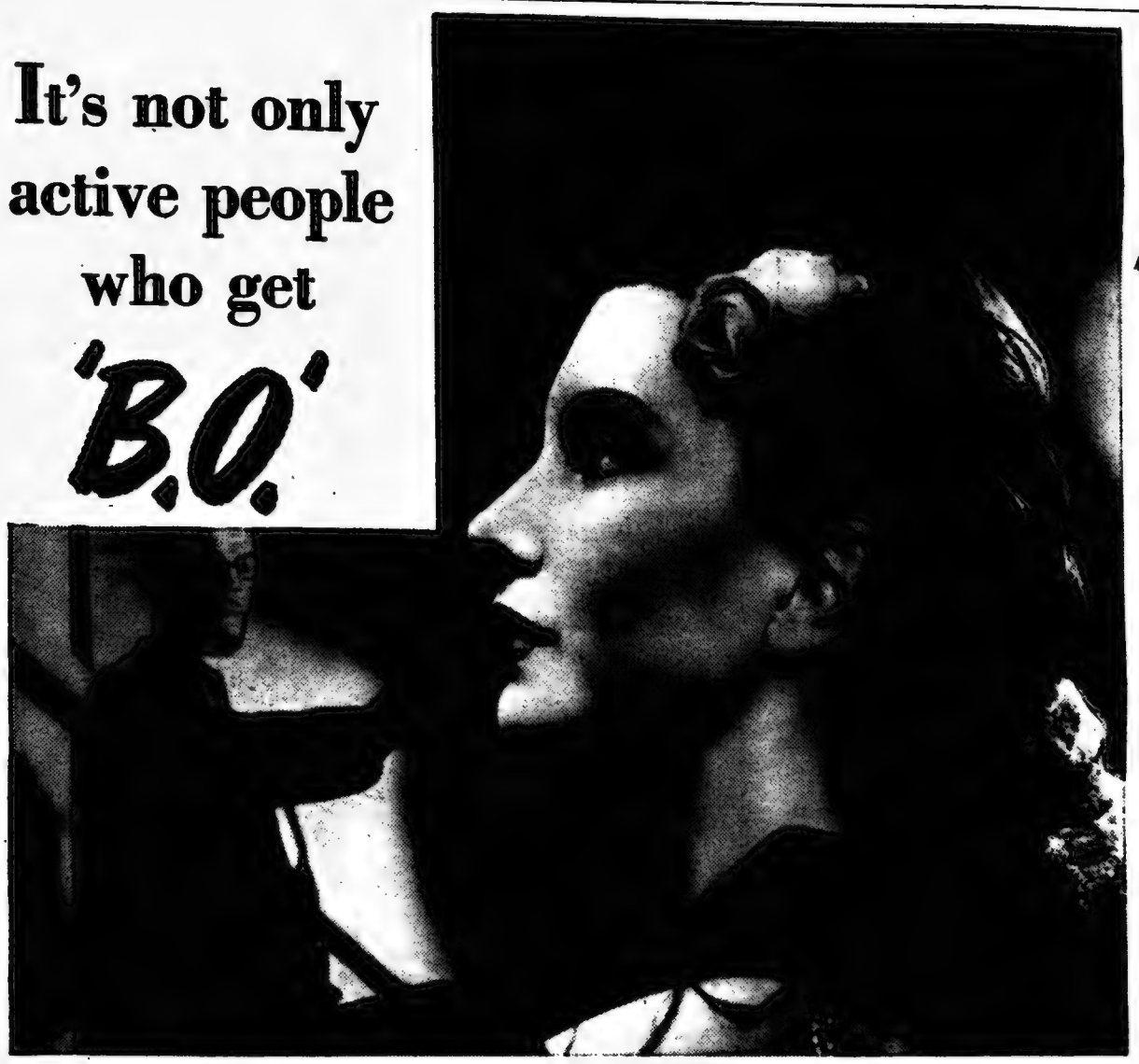
YADIL Sole Internal Antiseptic

*Write now for free copy of the new* YADIL HEALTH BOOK.

1/3 and larger, from Chemists, or direct from YADIL (1935) LTD., Dept. J.B., Springfield, London, E.5



# It's not only active people who get 'B.O.'



Holding the pose for half an hour. Still as a statue whilst the artist conveys her beauty to his canvas. Although never a muscle moves, yet she perspires. This may sound surprising, but doctors tell us we all perspire as much as 1½ pints daily.

Body-Odour, a direct result of perspiration, is so unpleasant. Yet perspiration itself is perfectly natural and necessary. It's when waste matter is allowed to linger in the skin pores and become stale that we get 'B.O.'

Lifebuoy Toilet Soap is the perfect safeguard. Its full rich lather, with the special health element, penetrates deep into the pores, washing away all stale perspiration, all impurities. It's so refreshing and invigorating to take a bath with Lifebuoy Toilet Soap. Use it *regularly* and be *sure* of Personal Freshness always.

**About 1½ pints of perspiration** are expelled from the average person's system daily. This fact is vouched for by medical authorities. They tell us that this perspiration does not evaporate entirely, a residue is always left in the pores, becoming stale, with a noticeable odour in 24 hours. This stale perspiration makes Body-Odour certain. Yet 'B.O.' is so easy to prevent if you make a habit of a daily bath with Lifebuoy Toilet Soap.

## LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP

*prevents* "B.O." (body-odour)

A LEVER PRODUCT LBT 424-304-65



If you're looking for

## FURNITURE BARGAINS

***Send for this FREE CATALOGUE***

A NUMBER of other free catalogues are also offered to readers. Details of Jay's 3-way protection is given in a booklet entitled "Tranquility." A piano catalogue can also be obtained. Simply fill in coupon in the special announcement on page 27 and cross out those booklets which you do not require. Post in an unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp and address Jay's Furnishing Stores, Dept. J.B., 248, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.



## Proved Remedy for PILES

**Why Endure Pain & Suffering?**

Why put up with piles and the constant pain, itching, swelling and that miserable dragging sensation? You should use Zam-Buk, which has earned the gratitude of thousands of piles sufferers for the wonderful relief it has brought.

The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk soothe and heal inflamed tissues, subdue pain and smarting, restrain bleeding and gradually remove the piles. Zam-Buk also exerts a valuable antiseptic influence, thus preventing serious complications arising. Use Zam-Buk regularly and you'll soon be on the road to recovery. 1/3 and 3/- a box.

**SOLID ZAM-BUK**

*In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles, you can also obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use, price 1/3 per box. Left in position at night they cure while you sleep.*

For INWARD PILES

# Zam-Buk Brand

The Famous Herbal Ointment

The Bane of Modern Life

NEURASTHENIA

*Turned healthy man into*

BUNDLE OF NERVES

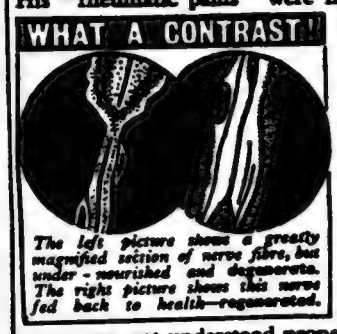
DANGEROUS NEGLECT—SAVED JUST IN TIME

A Case from Dr. Cassells Records

THE dreadful thing about neurasthenia is that there is so little understanding and sympathy for those who suffer from it. Friends and relatives will put it down to imagination and even doctors often make the same mistake. But neurasthenia is very serious. If neglected it leads to complete nervous breakdown.

Mr. J.B.P. of Gloucester was really ill with neurasthenia. He was not only in pain, but when he tried to rest at night and ease his nervous system, he could not sleep. "I was just a bundle of nerves and suffered from sleeplessness and rheumatism. After trying several remedies which proved of no avail, I tried Dr. Cassells Tablets and now I am pleased to say that I am as fit as a fiddle: completely restored to my normal self. I cannot praise Cassells too highly."

Note the three things about Mr. P's case. His "rheumatic pains" were nerve pains —as is usually the case. Because he was a bundle of nerves he could not sleep. And because his case like so many other nerve cases, was not understood properly, he had many disappointments before he found relief in the one scientific remedy which is specially made to deal with nerve weakness.



*The left picture shows a greatly magnified section of nerve fibre, but under-nourished and degenerate. The right picture shows this nerve fed back to health—regenerated.*

If you suffer from neurasthenia, never know what it is to get a good night's rest and are always holding yourself together fearing that complete breakdown will result if you once let your nerves get the better of you, start taking Dr. Cassells Tablets at once. Mr. P's case is no isolated one. There are thousands like it—and thousands have been restored to health by Dr. Cassells scientific treatment for the nerves. It can do just the same for you. But don't delay.

Prices: 1/3, 3/- & 5/-. Trial Size 6d.

For BARGAINS See JOHN BULL'S "SHOP WINDOW" Page 18.

# OUR FEATHERED AIR FORCE

The R.A.F. is to "recruit" 250,000 racing pigeons for use as messengers. In times of emergency radio can easily be jammed, but trained birds "get through" nine times out of ten

*Latest idea is to attach loaded camera to racing pigeon. Released over enemy lines in time of war, a bird could bring back useful pictures, taken automatically*

**BRITAIN'S most democratic sport is to play a big part in National Defence.**

**Owners throughout the country are offering the Air Ministry their valuable racing pigeons for use in peace or war.**

**Realising the usefulness of these birds as message-carriers in emergency, the Ministry is co-operating with committee preparing a special fanciers' "register."**

**A chain of lofts will be organised to work with R.A.F. stations and trained pigeons will be taken in reconnaissance aircraft.**

Those whose birds are accepted for the National Pigeon Service will receive an annual grant

DO you realise how big this sport of pigeon racing has become? The season has just started and nearly 400,000 fanciers drawn from every grade of society are getting busy.

Strongholds of the sport are the industrial areas of Lancashire and Yorkshire.

**Millions of pounds are invested, the bulk of it by the working man, and thousands of pounds are distributed by clubs every year as prize money.**

But surely, you might say, the homing pigeon has outlived his usefulness in peace or war? Communications, if ever there is another war, would be far too speedy and effective to leave any niche for the humble pigeon. . . .

Maybe. But with the development of radio transmission has come the radio "barrage" to jam messages.

And there is always the risk of a breakdown, or of a situation where use of one's radio might mean betrayal to an enemy.

**In such situations the pigeon might spell the difference between life and death. He saved many lives in the war and could do so, if necessary, again.**

The endurance of these birds is staggering. One was released from a ship in mid-Atlantic and two and a half days later fluttered down to his loft in New York, one thousand miles away.

ANOTHER, following the strange instinct which has baffled all scientific investigators, found its way safely home over 1,500 miles of land and sea.

During the war, when as many as 1,000 birds were used in one engagement, these tiny winged messengers ignored creeping gas clouds and shattering barrages; they flew above them, apparently unaffected by the heaviest gunfire.

Nine out of ten got home.

**The British forces in the Great War used 100,000 pigeons in France, Salonika, Egypt and Mesopotamia. Organisers of the new national service intend to recruit 250,000 for peace-time operations with the Royal Air Force.**

Pigeons saved many lives and solved many problems of communication. Baskets of them were, for instance, often dropped by night well behind the enemy lines, to be retrieved and used later by some intrepid British agent.

At sea the birds proved invaluable. A flying boat came down with engine trouble twenty-two miles off the Scottish coast.

One of the two pigeons on board was drowned when water flooded into the cockpit, and when the two men hauled the basket out on the wing they saw that the other—probably their sole remaining link with life—would, without speedy attention, be dead in a few minutes.

While the pilot scribbled a message his companion wrapped the stricken bird in a woollen muffler and snuggled it inside his tunic.

Gradually the warmth had its effect and at last the bird rose, circled unsteadily, and then headed west.

**Less than half an hour later the exhausted bird arrived at its home R.A.F. left, having flown the twenty-two miles in twenty-three minutes.**

Not a record—a pigeon has been known to fly more than a mile and a half a minute—but nevertheless a remarkable feat.

THE airmen were taken off the sinking 'plane just in time.

Often the messages these little birds carried were vivid chapters in dramas of life and death.

Early one morning this message was brought to a loft in a Flanders seaport:

*"Short shot down ten miles N.N.E. Nieuport. One enemy down. My tanks shot. French T.B.D. on way. Send fighters.—Graham."*

A minute later—

*"Short landed O.K. I shot one down but he did not crash. My tanks no good—can't climb. Send fighters quick."*

Eighteen minutes afterwards came this message from another member of the patrol:

*"Am shot down, hit in tank radiator. Rogers dead. Send boat.—Paine."*

SOON another pigeon arrived—

*"Machine turning to port. Have jettisoned everything, but am on wing tip. Sea calm. Nothing in sight . . . machine has seemingly steadied—think it will float for a time."*

A break, and then—

*"My love to my mother. Tell her I am not worrying. If machine sinks will swim to buoy close by me."*

This was the last message. Graham reached home after his 'plane had been taken in tow by a patrol vessel. They found the wing tip of the other machine still sticking out of the sea, but it was empty.

Once a British submarine which had captured a German trawler and its crew broke down in enemy territorial waters. A carrier pigeon was sent out and a British escort vessel arrived to take them both out of the danger zone.

So once more hail to the National Pigeon Service, ready, if need be, to do its bit in any emergency. And give credit to the sporting British working man who makes it possible.

## When You Go Away . . .

TEA was over in the seaside boarding-house. The youngsters had gone off to play tennis and one or two of the older folk sat listening to the wireless. The news bulletin was on.

Nothing much exciting—sports results, scraps of political news. Then:

"Freak storms swept the north-east to-day causing serious damage and floods. Three houses in the Darlington district were struck by lightning, but no one was injured."

One of the holidaymakers turned to her husband. "They're having a bad time at home," she said, "I hope Elsie's all right. She's terrified of lightning."

Elsie—their daughter—was all right, but a letter from her the next morning turned that holiday couple's happiness to distress.

For their house was one of the three struck by lightning.

**And a brand new radio for which they had saved for months had been badly damaged. A cloud hung over the rest of their holiday.**

It need not have done, for they had forgotten one thing—that JOHN BULL would stand by them. They had qualified for the complete protection of JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance scheme by the simple act of signing a coupon

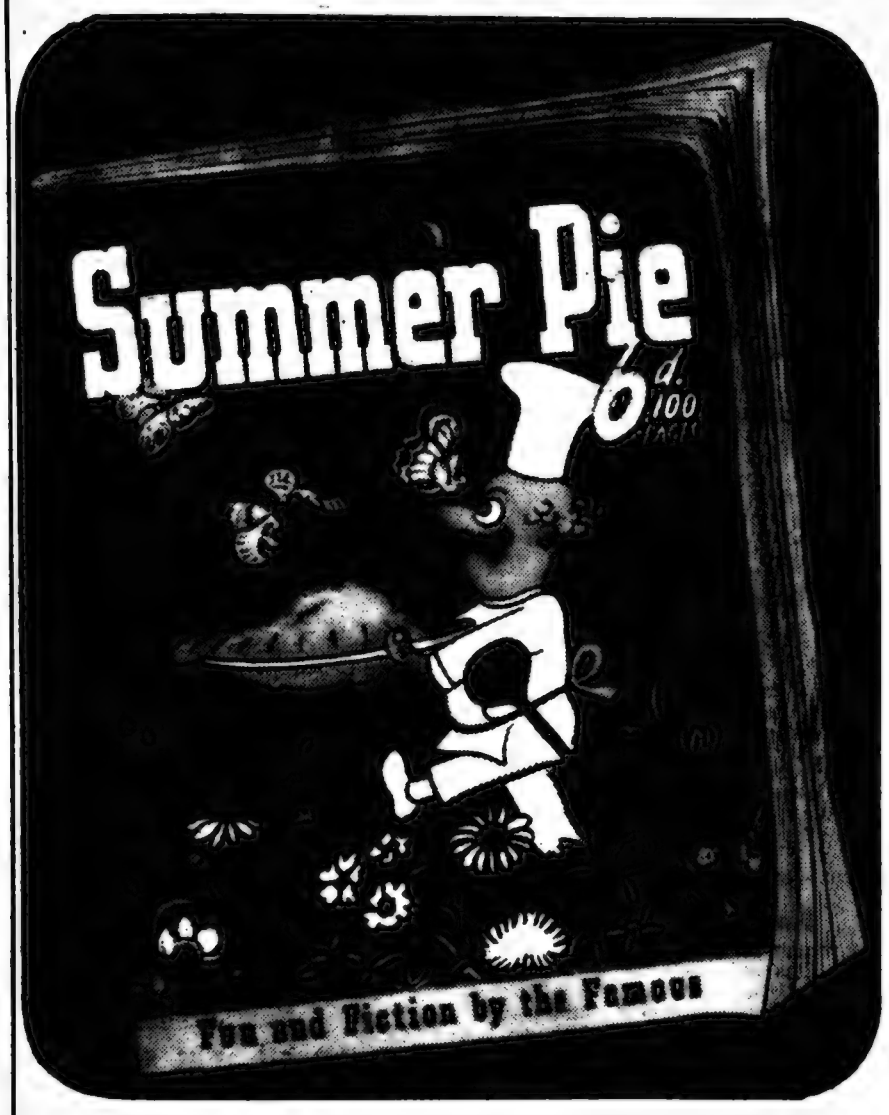
When he got home the husband wrote to tell JOHN BULL of his misfortune, and the result was a handsome cheque which covered the damage to the wireless.

Remember this story when YOU go on holiday Remember that registered readers will continue to enjoy the full protection of our unique free insurance gift while on their annual holiday anywhere in the British Isles if they can show they have bought the paper while away and that, before leaving home, they instructed the newsagent to resume regular delivery on their return.

You'll be going away soon. So turn to page 16 now. Sign your name there and you can enjoy your holiday in complete peace of mind.

# Out Next Wednesday

★ JUNE 28 ★




**It's coming!** On Wednesday, June 28—the holiday annual you've been waiting for . . . . . "Summer Pie," the great 100-page, thrill-packed feast of romance, adventure and laughter. It's crammed with exciting, complete stories . . . overflowing with the cream of the world's humour. Over fifty famous authors and artists have made this 1939 "Summer Pie" greater than ever before. When you see this wonderful holiday annual you'll wonder how such tremendous value can be given for only sixpence. So make a note now to keep an eye open for the brilliant coloured cover design of "Summer Pie" on your newsagent's counter. There is always a rush for "Summer Pie." Make sure of getting YOUR copy by ordering it from your newsagent TO-DAY

AUTHORS: Clemence Dane, Sydney Horler, Noel Coward, Reginald Arkell, Lord Dunsany, P. C. Wren, Agatha Christie, H. de Vere Stacpoole, Christine Jope-Slade, Frank King, Cosmo Hamilton, May Edginton, Will Scott.

ILLUSTRATORS: Nina Miller-Davidson, Sinclair Calow, Clixby Watson, Bertram Prance, Ronald Lampitt, W. R. B. Stott, Jack Faulks, Alfred Sindall, S. Trevilian, Moorsom, Boothroyd, Seabright.

JOKE DRAWINGS BY: W. H. Cobb, Frank Ford, G. S. Sherwood, Bowes, Maurice Hall, A. R. Cane, Henry Boltinoff, Hailstone, Lop, Ender, David Langdon, Gais, Bo Brown, Tom Cottrell, Ross, Sean Coughlan, Birch, Siggs, Ben Roth, Penny, P. Millar, Lebb, S. C. Johnson, Huffine, Wolfe, William Scully, Boast.

*COVER DESIGN BY WALTER TRIER*

The whole of the profits from "Summer Pie" go to charity

**100 PAGES OF FUN & FICTION BY THE FAMOUS!**


IF YOU are a sufferer or have similar symptoms to these—

TAKE MOORLANDS AND KEEP FIT!

**CHRONIC INDIGESTION AND HEARTBURN**

SUFFERED FOR YEARS WITH INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN AND GASTRIC TROUBLES

"I suffered for years from Heartburn and indigestion until I took Moorlands and then got a speedy relief. I want you to know how grateful I am." *Mrs. L. A. H., Margate.*

**GASTRIC CATARRH**

LOST HIS JOB, REFUSED FOOD AND SUFFERED TOO WITH HEARTBURN

"I tried all known remedies without success. Then tried 'Moorlands' and can now eat, drink, and smoke as much as I wish without terrible pains." *F. M., East Molesey.*

**FLATULENCE—ACIDITY**

TERRIBLE PAINS IN STOMACH AND PALPITATION.

"I have suffered terribly from indigestion and acid stomach, with pains round the heart. Six tablets gave me relief and taking a few more all pain vanished." *H. T., Grimsby.*

The food you eat may be divided into three classes, carbohydrates, proteins and roughage. Carbohydrates, such as bread and potatoes, form the bulk of our food and should be very thoroughly masticated, because the juices necessary for their digestion are contained in the saliva, with which these foods should be well mixed before being swallowed. The reason you should not drink with meals is that any fluid taken with meals reduces the strength of the digestive power of the saliva. The digestive juices for carbohydrates must be alkaline, that is why Moorland Indigestion Tablets, which are alkaline, slowly dissolved in the mouth, help to digest bread, pastry, and potatoes before they reach the stomach.

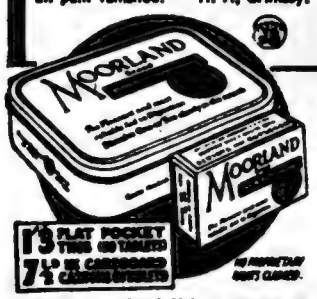
*Unsolicited testimonials from men and women of all ages testify to the wonderful relief Moorland brand Indigestion Tablets give to sufferers from indigestion, flatulence, acidity, heartburn, and kindred troubles of the digestive organs*

**STOMACH PAINS**

COULD NOT REMEMBER BEING FREE FROM PAIN.

"For as long as I remember I have suffered from my stomach. I had to get advice, but my chemist recommended 'Moorlands' and I gained wonderful relief. All stomach sufferers should take Moorlands and get the same welcome relief." *F. S., Brighton.*

Take two MOORLAND Tablets any time and eat what you like and enjoy it.




*Instant relief from*

INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, FLATULENCE, ACIDITY, HEARTBURN

MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

FREE *Send 1½d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing for pocket (or handbag) sample tin and Diet Chart to W. B. Cartwright, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Rawden, Leeds.*

*Sells*

CAPENSIS

GUARANTEED 100% PURE

*Mothers:—*

One thing that contributes to irregular habits among children is their dislike of hard toilet paper! . . . harsh paper against sensitive skin.

Put Capensis in your lavatory. Capensis is specially crinkled for *extra* softness.

*The Big Toilet Roll for the Thrifty Household.*

## Special Competitors' Page by "Compex"

# Here's the Right Road!

*If you have a question to ask or an opinion to express about competitions, write to "Compex," Competitors' Parliament, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

A CHEERFUL grouse from C. R. Kenton, Middlesex, an ex-Serviceman, who has yet to win a cash prize.

"As an old Contemptible, I've earned my medals," he remarks. "But I don't suppose I'll ever get a bouquet for having served a good many years in the *Bullets* ranks without having gained promotion to the list of principal winners."

*Bouquets from me for long service won't help you, but perhaps some facts will.*

*Again and again that "Bullets" First Prize has been carried off by competitors with no better previous successes than yours; they've kept steadily on along the road to a big prize, patiently improving their efforts, refusing to admit defeat, ignoring the doubters, intent on their goal. And in the end they've got there, to the delight of their friends and the confusion of sceptics.*

*Remember—every time you enter for "Bullets" you at least add to your balance in the Bank of Experience. Wise use of that knowledge you have banked may soon lead to cashing a big cheque.*

### Good Idea, But—

Could there be special prizes for the plodders who have secured a number of minor *Bullets* awards?—Registered Reader, London, S.E.

*Good suggestion, but months too late. Haven't you noticed the special Marksmanship Contest, details of which accompany all prizes?*

### One Each

Why are entrants in JOHN BULL'S Crosswords barred from winning more than one prize each in any one contest? Another question—suppose I found I had not time to fill up my squares, would it be in order for my wife to do so if I signed them?—J. H., Wednesbury.

*The rule you refer to is in the best interests of the majority of competitors. It would be quite in order for your wife to help in the way you mention.*

### Right Spirit

I've noticed that several of your correspondents seem worried because so far they have received only minor prizes.

Well, I've yet to win my first award of any kind. But am I downhearted? No—I have absolute faith in JOHN BULL and know that when either my *Bullets* or Crossword entries deserve it they'll bring me my reward.—Miss Winifred C., London, N.W.

*That's the spirit, Miss Winifred, that has brought happiness and security to hundreds of successful competitors. Keeping the will to win is the way to win.*

### Let Them Judge

As a "Bulleteer" of some years' standing, I am in a position to compare my efforts with those of successful competitors. I cannot understand why I did not get a prize for a *Bullet* in which I described the nations being animated by the "Club" Spirit of to-day.—C. G., Inverness.

*If by those words you meant to say the nations are on friendly terms, it was clearly a mis-statement. To take "Club" Spirit as meaning threatening with clubs would probably be regarded by the judges as a too far-fetched and unnatural use of words. Let the judges do the job of deciding on the merit of your efforts.*

### Change for the Better

After receiving a few free entry awards, I returned them to JOHN BULL and cashed them in because I thought I was not getting a square deal. After studying the winners closely, I realised that I had made an unfair decision, so I've started again.—H. B., Junr., Stannington, Sheffield.

*Well done—now it's up to you to turn out a big winner yourself. Appreciating the good points of other entrants' prize "Bullets" and persevering is the common-sense road to success.*

### Now She's Surprised

Searching for a Scots name in JOHN BULL'S lists of winners is like looking for a needle in a haystack. Are all the clever people in England? I'll be surprised if you publish this.—Mrs. J. R., Grangemouth

*This will amuse thousands of Scottish winners, especially Mr. C. Bottoms, the Dundee lorry-driver, who captured one of the biggest prizes ever offered. His was the famous "Bullet," FOR SERVICES RENDERED—KING "PINNED ON CROSS."*

### Coupon Queries

May the blot-free coupons from *Bullets* Bulletin be entered instead of those from JOHN BULL, or only as extras? Also, may the JOHN BULL coupons be used separately and in any order, or only as enumerated according to entry-fee required?—Mrs. A. V. C., Bexleyheath.

*You may use Bulletin coupons only, if you wish. Coupons in JOHN BULL can be used as you please, entry-fee requirements being printed on them merely as most appropriate place.*

"Bullets" Illustrated:
When Grandpa Finished—Celebrating "Century," Run In!

## Race with Silver Ring — Let's Have a Match!

THE two great battles that have been staged by the champion three-year-old sprinters, Panorama and Portobello, have prompted the suggestion that a match may be arranged between them to decide the "rubber."

If the owners should consent to a match for a substantial side-stake there would be no lack of offers from racecourse executives of a valuable trophy to commemorate it.

I believe that Hurst Park, with commendable enterprise, have already made overtures for the match. It was over this course, at the Whitsun meeting, that Portobello beat his great rival by a short head, reversing the placings at Newmarket in the Spring.

Hurst Park has been the venue of many notable matches, and some of my veteran readers will recall the excitement engendered by the clashings of Eager and Royal Flush, Le Blizon and Sundridge, Shepperton and Rowanberry.

The last money match I can recall was that run at Lingfield in October, 1934, between the platers, Sea Joy and Sea Light, for £100 aside.

The betting was 11/10 against Sea Joy, who, with R. Dick riding, won by three parts of a length.

If Panorama and Portobello meet for a third time I predict it will be a case of bookmakers offering to take guineas to pounds, and name your fancy.

It isn't long odds against these two sprinters running a dead-heat over any five furlongs course.

**"SILVER RING'S" CODE.**

The Code covers racing from Thursday, June 22, to Wednesday, June 28.

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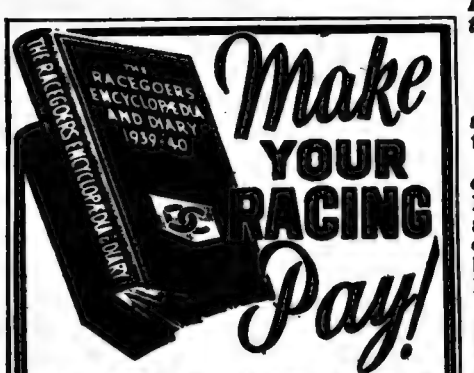
I 95 S O Y 97 L W T F 94 M P Q C 93

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: 94LMUT95E would read GREYNAM. Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. CYK295L would read HUSSAR.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1.—Make entry in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press *Ltd.*, and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), and bear POSTMARK of not later than Friday, June 30, 1939. Entries from addresses outside the British Isles must be received not later than Saturday, July 1.

2.—Each entrant is limited to 8 sixpenny entries, each on an Entry Form provided in this or any other announcement of this Contest.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 13. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, July 18, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £400 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press *Ltd.* and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

*Terms and Conditions on page 31.*

## 11 BIG CHEQUES WON IN CROSSWORD No. 156

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 156, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious lists of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following eleven competitors:—

Mrs. R. B. CANNICOTT, 16, Rashleigh Rd., Taunton; Mrs. C. COX, 6, Green Lane, Barton-on-Humber, Lincs; Miss M. CRAWFORD, 10, Mayo St., Cheetham, Manchester; J. EDWARDS, 55, Dean St., Failsworth, Manchester; F. FITZPATRICK, 7, Malvern Ave., Morecambe, Lancs; C. H. LEE, West Cottage, Marazion, Cornwall; T. W. PARR, 46, Lansbury St., Alexandria, Dunbartonshire; F. R. RAY, 27, Norfolk Rd., Tunbridge; F. H. SMITH, Avalon, The Parkway, Buckingham, Sussex; Mrs. M. TIPPETT, "Tyles," Fulpham Rd., Fulpham, Essex; E. S. THOMAS, 4, Gwyn St., Treherbert, Glam.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £330, and a cheque for £31 16s. 8d. will be sent to each.

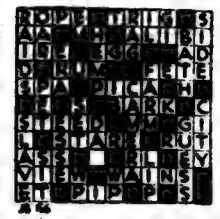
Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, June 27, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 147 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive 12s. 8d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

45 Holiday Bonus will be sent to every cash winner in Contest No. 156 who also secures a cash prize in Crossword No. 157.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 1,143 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

**WINNING SQUARE**



The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point DAB and DAY were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

**WINNING WORDS.**

ACROSS.—1. ROPE. 3. TRIG. 6. IRE. 7. SUE. 8. PETE. 11. BARK. 16. STARE. 17. EYE. 19. ASS. 21. WAINS. 22. PIP.

DOWN.—1. RAIDS. 2. OAR. 4. FIDE. 5. BATE. 9. PET. 10. SET. 12. CITY. 13. SLAVE. 14. DAB or DAY. 15. GUESS. 18. SIT. 20. LIP.

## HOLIDAY IN CANADA AND THE U.S.A. FREE!

**Each sender of Crossword entry value 1s. or over is entitled to enclose one "Bullets" Coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for Free £100 plus Holiday for two in Canada and the United States Offer. Coupons on page 43. See also enclosure privilege on "Bullets" page.**

### ACROSS CLUES

1. When trouble dogs a man, his looks rather grim
2. Advice given by one is occasionally quite sound
4. People prefer this not to be noisy
5. It's very rare for a pony to be put on one
8. Industrious little insect
10. It's unwise to let this trail along the ground
15. Police may discover stolen goods in burgler's
16. Swallowing this is apt to leave a nasty taste
18. Ocean
20. It's now and then the case that fishing smacks go out in this
21. One may show little or no ability to learn

### DOWN CLUES

1. Big city one might be given a lot of publicity
3. When children do this, those looking after them are worried
6. Parents sometimes play with baby ones
7. Usually in the form of a round cake
8. Swiss mountain
9. Uses a lot of petrol and oil
11. Stock exchange gamblers are often interested in
12. There's sometimes bad feeling over quite a small one
13. Job may go better if you do your work with this
14. It's not really advisable to build on this
17. It pays to get good one when speaker is wanted for public meetings
19. Consume

Turn to page 38 for the NEW HELP for 'CROSSWORDERS'

CUT ROUND BROKEN LINES

**FOR FREE X-WORD AID, ENCLOSE THIS COUPON.**

| Affix 1½d. Stamp Here. | Affix 1½d. Stamp Here. |
|---|---|

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I want (a) A 6 weeks' Free supply.
(b) 6 weeks' extension of my present supply.
(Cross out line which is not applicable.)

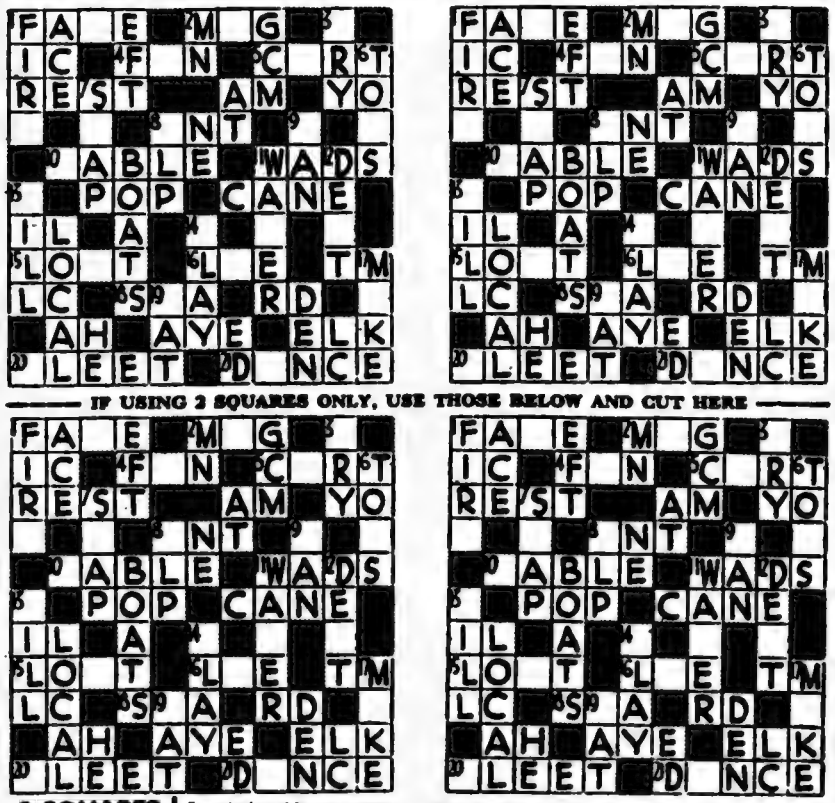
Name .....

Address .....

N.B.—Enclose with entry or post direct to "Crossword Gazette" Dept., 30, Bedford St., W.C.2

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

**"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 159. Now Closing Postmark Friday, June 30, 1939.**



IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



**2 SQUARES 6d.**
**4 SQUARES 1s.**

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and enclose

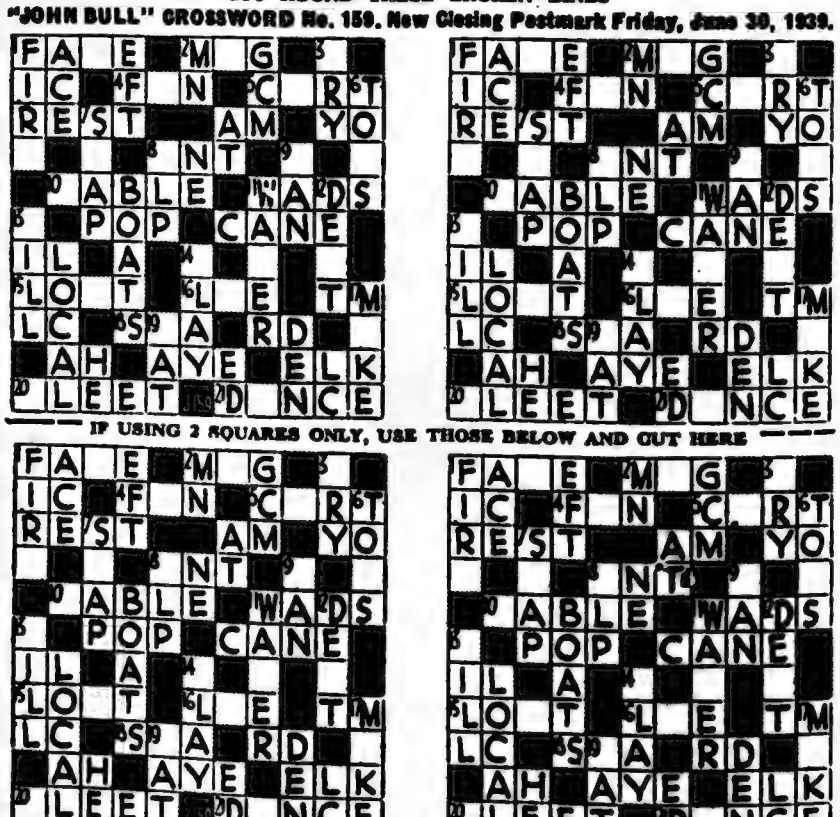
Signed ..... P.O. value .....

Address ..... No. .....

**ADDRESS ENTRY:** CROSSWORD No. 159, "JOHN BULL," 87, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

**"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 159. Now Closing Postmark Friday, June 30, 1939.**



IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



**6 SQUARES 1s. 6d.**
**8 SQUARES 2s.**

In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and enclose

Signed ..... P.O. value .....

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**ANOTHER HUGE HOLIDAY OFFER NEXT WEEK!**

# The Editor Laughs Last

*National Health and Unemployment Insurance have ramifications and many people are puzzled as to benefits due to them when illness or unemployment comes their way. JOHN BULL can tell you all you want to know in this connection. Write for elucidation of difficulties on these or any other subjects to JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. All that you have to send with your enquiry is a stamped addressed envelope.*

*The replies given below to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.*

## THE KID—BY LEES

JOHN (Swindon).—"She told me I was one man in a thousand." See letter below.

JOAN (Swindon).—"He was a dull, ordinary fellow, the sort you meet by the thousand every day of the week." See letter above.

W. L. (Frimley).—"I consider the modern girl costs too much money, taking her all round." Then why not stop doing it?

P. N. (Oldham).—"It ought to be possible to punish people for what they think." We know one or two who wouldn't be in any danger.

L. P. (Radlett).—"Some women rate their husbands highly." And others soundly.

G. M. (Bagshot).—"Does a bee die after stinging a person?" Yes, if its victim swats it hard enough.

JIM (Redditch).—"What is the best thing to do with a man who drinks all the time?" Drink with him!

A. G. (Canterbury).—"A youth spoiled our picnic by secretly depositing an adder near our party." The snake in the grass.

Success (London, W.).—"And perhaps you'll hardly believe it, but I still have the first pound I ever made." Woman-hater!

DAISY (Liverpool).—"Obviously the only man for a girl to marry is one she can be happy with." You're wrong; she should marry the man she can't be happy without.

S. M. (Wallasey).—"I told the boss it was time he paid me what I was worth, and next week I found a reduction of ten shillings in my pay packet." Well, you asked for it.

A. S. C. (Clevedon).—"My girl is a medical student and told me recently that she wished I wouldn't kiss her, as she disliked germs." Hardly complimentary to her future husband, what?

✱

**E. M. (AYLESFORD).—"TO KEEP A BRIDGE PARTY GOING SUCCESSFULLY A HOSTESS SHOULD HAVE AT LEAST TWO ABLE LIEUTENANTS TO STAND BY HER." FELLOWS LIKE HORATIUS?**

✱

TESSIE (Guildford).—"The boy was rather bold and kissed me. I told him that he wouldn't have done it had my mother been there." Is your mother as lovely as all that?

K. C. (Portsmouth).—"What's wanted to-day is cheaper travel and more of it." What about travelling over 12,000 miles for sixpence? That's your opportunity on page 43.

F. A. (Widnes).—"I don't know what's come over me; but lately I can't keep my mind on my work." Come, come, you should be able to manage a little thing like that!

✱

**L. H. (CLEVELEYS). — "I THINK ANY HUSBAND SHOULD BE ABLE TO PUT UP WITH HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW." HE CAN, UNTIL SHE DECIDES TO COME AND PUT UP WITH HIM.**

✱

LES (Blackpool).—"The girl I was with the other night suddenly asked me to pinch her. But she was quite wide awake and didn't need pinching so far as I could see." Perhaps she wanted to see if you were awake!

**SWEET SIXTEEN** (Rugby).—"I arrived home at two in the morning, but my father didn't beat me, though I expected him to do so." You mean he arrived home even later than you did?

S. V. (Leith).—"Do you know that it is as difficult to break into a British prison as it is to break out of one?" No, but we'll take your word for it.

R. K. (Laswade).—"The old saw says that if one finds a four-leaved clover one will be soon married." We were mistaken, apparently; we thought it was a sign of good luck.

S. W. (Buston).—"I am going to complain to the firm about the careless manner in which the furniture removers did the job." You did not like the way it was carried out?

D. A. (Denton).—"It is annoying to me that, on many occasions, my girl has to be handled with kid gloves." Oh, you're lucky. Some have to be handled with kid gloves, silk stockings and fur coats.

G. K. (Hove).—"As I returned from sunbathing, a man had the cheek to slap me on the back and say 'Aren't you brown?'" See letter below.

M. S. (Hove).—"I was sure it was old Brown and I had an awful shock when I found I had slapped a perfect stranger on the back." See letter above.

✱

**W. (EDGWARE).—"DO YOUR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOURS BORROW FROM YOU?" RATHER. WHY, WE FEEL MORE AT HOME IN THEIR HOUSE THAN IN OUR OWN.**

✱

B. N. (Wivenhoe).—"Bowls is a clean game, free from fouls or any kind of cheating." It has to be played on the level, of course.

SALESMAN (Ruthin).—"I made a lot of new friends for the company to-day." Never mind—perhaps you'll manage to sell something to-morrow.

R. T. (Keynsham).—"My wife went for a tramp the other day and finished up thoroughly exhausted." Apparently the fellow put up some resistance.

B. W. (Banff).—"I bought a small country bungalow for a song." Your neighbours didn't want you to keep on singing it at home?

F. S. (Shrewsbury).—"The play was a great success, although a sore throat prevented me from taking part in it." Is "although" the right word?

✱

**MRS. G. (PONTEFRACT).—"MY HUSBAND AND I HAD A SERIOUS QUARREL, BUT AFTER WE HAD PATCHED IT UP I BOUGHT HIM A NEW TIE." BUT WHY START IT ALL OVER AGAIN?**

✱

H. D. (Luton).—"Ever since I've known my fiancée she has suffered from corns. Can you suggest a remedy?" Yes, learn to dance properly!

J. L. (Clapham).—"I read how a wealthy American had his summer residence moved brick by brick from Florida to California." Yes, but he won't dodge his relatives that way.

H. M. (Hackney).—"I am afraid my business is going to fail on account of the strong demands being made by my creditors." You will have to close down owing to them?

## SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

WEST LANCASHIRE EVENING GAZETTE:—"A contract BRIDE drive has been arranged in its place."

STAFFS EVENING SENTINEL:—". . . that fines in cases in which defendants did not appear would be DOUBTED."

BIRMINGHAM EVENING DESPATCH: "The players to-day were wearing sprigs of white LEATHER, for luck."

YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS:—"GANGSTERS cleared the tracks under the glare of powerful lights. . . ."

THE MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE:—"The boy certainly DESERTED what he got, but this man had no right to give it to him."

NEWCASTLE JOURNAL:—". . . retail prices of cigarettes are to be advanced one halfpenny per TOW and tobacco three-halfpence per ounce."

D. P. (Oakton).—"I generally put chopped straw round my tomatoes." We prefer fried bacon with ours.

F. N. (Chester).—"I have a theory that tall people are the most credulous." You think they've had their legs pulled?

Miss H. H. (Chard).—"I'm going to marry a struggling young poet." Well, if you've made up your mind, he might as well stop struggling.

H. L. (Watford).—"My friend, the pastrycook, is now quite well known and has just bought a large car." He makes a nice turnover?

G. L. (Sandy).—"Just because I have never moved out of my home town, why should people say that I have been asleep all the time?" Because you've spent your life in Beds!

CROONER (Kilburn).—"The lodger in the room next to mine has threatened to commit suicide more than once." Well, why don't you do your practising somewhere else?

IT KEEPS MY LIVER LIVELY

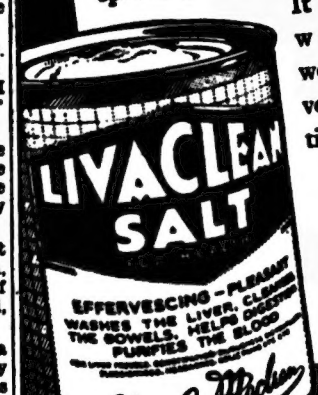
IT KEEPS MY LIVER KEEN

I TAKE IT EVERY MORNING

IT'S GRAND, THIS

"LIVACLEAN"

How would *you* like to feel brimful of energy, bright and cheerful from getting-up till bed-time? All you need do is to wake up your lazy liver with a daily glass of refreshing, sparkling "Livaclean" Salt. It not only works—it works marvels! Buy a tin to-day.




*Price 9d. per tin.*

*Double size economy tin 1/4.*

see the signature

IT'S MADE BY MACLEANS

**PILES!**

Man Zan stops the irritation, soothes and heals internal, external blind or bleeding piles. A large tube, with special nozzle applicator, which makes this wonderful preparation easy to apply, costs but 3/-. Your chemist will tell you how good it is. Don't suffer in silence longer. Ask him about

**Man Zan**

Brand PILE REMEDY

*To end Constipation—Take De Witt's Brand Little Laxative Pills. Price 1/3.*

TRAVEL SICKNESS—



SONGO (Capsules) prevent Seasickness, Motor, Air or Rail sickness. It NEVER fails. 1/3 and 3/6 Chemists or Post Free. Vendre Ltd., 611, Argyle St., Glasgow.

Get SONGO

## The Human Machine

# Poor Dr. Fell!

All day and every day we meet other people, associate with them, work with them, play with them We like some and dislike others. Some of them like us. Others dislike us. Most of our time, in fact, is taken up with human relationships. Whether we like it or not, contact with others is part and parcel of life.

Now, liking and disliking "on sight" is a widespread attitude—and an equally widespread fallacy.

It's not the least use our going about saying:

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this, indeed, I know full well:
I do not like thee, Dr. Fell."

It's no use, because our lives are not governed by chance. They're governed by law and by reason. There's a reason for everything. There's a cause for everything. If we're too lazy to find the cause, it doesn't mean there isn't one.

Now, likes and dislikes where people are concerned are not too hard to analyse. On the positive side we can put a sense of humour, a tolerant attitude—a willingness to listen as well as a desire to talk—a vital interest in things, an absence of cynicism and bitterness, a wide outlook and a willingness to share life.

We haven't all got those qualities—although they're only a selection—but we can try to have them. And, more important still, we can look for them in those we meet. We'll find some of them in nearly everybody.

If you can't get on with someone—well, you can't: but there aren't many people like that.

We can mostly get on with anyone if we really try.

# Peace Offering

(continued from page 34)

And precisely where the parson lacked Alf was most gifted—in punching-power.

"Watch 'is right, watch 'is right!" yelled the onlookers as one man.

But Alf was a fox. Taking a square impact on the jaw, he began to fold up with that half-silly look which speaks of drawn fangs. And the man of Scripture, wading in to finish his work, heard as from a long distance the crash of his own fall.

When he awoke, Alf Burdock, who admired anybody who could give him a good fight, offered him his hand and a drink at the same time.

Nothing loath, the reverend gentleman accepted both. This was precisely the moment to which he had looked forward. He had heard of Alf Burdock. He knew very well that the only way in which he could hope to attain his purpose was by offering himself up as a sacrifice.

As for his purpose, it was the kind of purpose which one might connect with any decent citizen. He had not only heard about Alf; he had heard about Alf's wife

"Good 'ealth," said Alf, raising his tankard. And, sheepishly: "'Ope yer won't take it to 'eart what I said about yer collar and yer 'at and that."

The other patted Alf's arm. "Don't you worry about that, old man. I've often said things that I didn't mean. Shall we sit down in the corner over there?"

"GOOD scrap that," said Alf. "'Ammer and tongs."

"That punch of yours is terrific," confessed the parson.

He went on to talk about pain. Gradually, and before Alf realised where this conversation was leading to, he steered his way towards personal matters. Skilfully, and without any suggestion of the busybody, he trapped Alf into a confession of his wife-beating habit.

"But Liz is a good sort," went on Alf. "She never bears no malice."

"That only proves," said the parson, "what a generous creature she is. She deserves better of you, old man, than a good hiding once a week. After all, she cooks your food and mends your clothes and nurses you in sickness. It's terrible to think that the only reward she gets is a thrashing."

"Yers, I suppose so," said Alf abashed.

"And apart from all that," went on his companion, "it isn't manly to strike a woman. Woman, you know, is the weaker sex. She's put together more delicately than a man. In any case she can't be very happy under such conditions, can she?"

"I dunno," said Alf. "She seems 'appy enough. She never complains."

"DOESN'T she? Well, I don't know what you think about it, but I should say your wife's a very noble woman. And if I were you, Alf, I should try a different method. What do you say, for instance, to a box of chocolates?"

Alf was staggered with this notion. He had never given Liz a box of chocolates in his life, and he said so. The parson squeezed his arm.

"Take my tip," he said, "and try it, will you? It'll be a nice little surprise for her, and I'm quite sure she'll appreciate it."

So Alf, feeling sheepish beyond words, took home his first present. Liz thrust back her chair. She arose, supple, alert, swivelling a wary eye. Alf looked confused.

"'Ullo, me old flower?" he said. "Brought yer somethink. A box o' chocolates."

He pushed them awkwardly across the table. Liz was staggered. For five seconds she gaped, speechless.

"Choclits? Me?"

With one swift motion she advanced. Alf's ears rang as she gave him a tigerish right and left.

"You great cissy! You're getting soft, that's what's the matter with you."

And Liz danced in with a lightning left to the nose.

"Come on," she cried, "stick 'em up, you white-livered ninny, stick 'em up."

## SAIL IN THE ROYAL LINER, S.S. "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN," ON A WONDER TOUR OF CANADA AND UNITED STATES

**TO-DAY "John Bull" offers you a thrilling 12,000-mile trip that stands out as one of the most memorable Holiday Prizes ever placed within reach of "Bulleteers."**

**To celebrate the triumphant return of our King and Queen from their overwhelmingly successful visit to Canada and to the United States, "John Bull" now invites you and your companion to follow in their Majesties' footsteps.**

**Enter the best *Bullet* in this sensational offer and, like them, you will cross the Atlantic in a stately vessel, travel the width of mighty Canada to the shores of the Pacific, visit Niagara Falls, Washington and New York (including, of course, the World's Fair), and sail back home with a thousand happy memories.**

**Remember, "John Bull" will pay all expenses and, in addition, will present you with £100 cash.**

**Start on your *Bullets* as soon as you have read the simple instructions on opposite page.**

**COUPONS AND "EXAMPLES" ON NEXT PAGE** ☞

## 'BULLETS' 1,173 RESULT

### FIRST PRIZE, 20s. Weekly Life Pension and Seaside Week-end for Two—or £250

**H. KNOX, 40, Addison Road, West Boldon, nr. Sunderland, Co. Durham.**
Example: WORLD OF HAPPINESS
Bullet: JUST OVER SALARY'S "BORDER."

### SECOND PRIZE, £25 and Seaside Week-end:

**MISS M. THOMAS, Haligarth, Eston, Yorks.**
Example: King And President
Bullet: And Pope—Come, Dictator!

### THIRD PRIZE, £10 and Seaside Week-end:

**L. T. COCHRAN, 400, Richmond Road, East Twickenham, Middlesex.**
Example: Auntie v. Landlady—
Bullet: Kept Us "Fielding" Rissoles!

### OTHER PRIZES:

**£9:** Rev. C. S. CAIN, Newport Vicarage, Essex.
On The Peak—Set Heart—Set Foot!

**£8:** C. H. CLARK, 52, Johnstone Road, East Ham, E.
On The Horizon—Premiership?—Sonny's Caught Tiddler!

**£7:** Mrs. WORROLL, Bradfield, nr. Reading, Berks.
King And President — Signing Nothing—"Writing" History.

**£6:** A. R. TENNANT, 71, Caledon Road, Nottingham.
Off To The Seaside—Urchins—Yesterday, "Longest Day."

**£5:** J. ADSHEAD, 56, Lynn Avenue, Sale, Cheshire.
To Blacken Britain—"Painting" Hitler Does, Nowadays!

**£4:** Miss M. A. NELSON, 16, Grant Crescent, Seaham, Co. Durham.
Opportunity's Bell—Hidden In That "Wall."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

**£3:** P. TYLDSLEY, 77, Bradford Road, Farnworth, Lancs.
Millionaire's Holiday—Sonny's "Oo-oo-oo!" Gave Us.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

### 10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

P. L. BROWNING, 220, Antrim Road, Belfast.
Millionaire's Holiday—To Mother, Ordering Lunch!

C. M. BUCKLE, 55, Park Avenue, Eastbourne, Sussex.
Made Henpeck Laugh—Weighing-machine Wouldn't Be Bullied!

J. HEWITT, 57, Hercus Loan, Musselburgh, Midlothian.
When Mother Sits—For Hour, Seat's *Pew*.

A. J. HULL, 78, Campbell Road, Salisbury, Wilts.
Basking In The Sunshine—I'm Carefree—Cure, Free.

Mrs. M. JONES, 53, Bournville Road, Blaina, Mon.
On The Pavement—Motorist Needs Third Eye!

Miss L. R. OSBORNE, 18, Cavendish Avenue, Allestree, Derby.
Auntie *v.* Landlady—*And* Joint, Tasted Week!

T. PAGE, 2/a, Warwick Street, Southam, Warwickshire.
He's A German, So—Lacks Fat? Looks Fit!

E. REED, 43, Ellough Road, Beccles.
On The Farm—"Ten Men—Nine Men——"
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

F. WILLIAMS, Flat 64, Taymount Grange, Queen's Road, London, S.E.
On The Bodyguard—Rest Of Goering's Medals!

W. H. WITTS, 12, Alton Street, Ross-on-Wye.
When Mother Returns—"Mother!" Drowns "The Queen!"
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

**£10 BONUS: Free Gift Offer in connection with this Contest included £10 Bonus for "Bulleteer" who secured highest prize with a coupon accompanied by Gift Voucher. This Bonus has been won by A. R. Tennant, the £6 winner in list above.**

**List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 winners of Surprise Awards can be seen at these offices.**

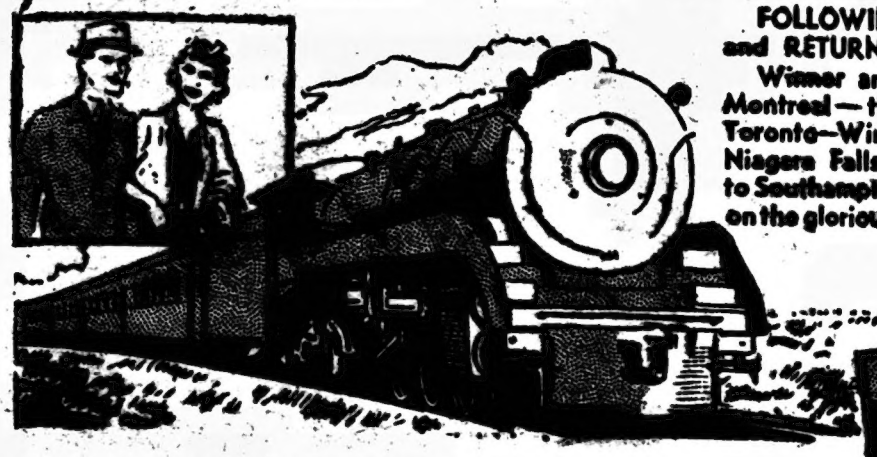
### READ THESE RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

# Thrilling Royal Tour Prize MUST BE WON for a Bullet This Week!

# £10 Cash Alternative WONDERFUL HOLIDAY for TWO in CANADA and UNITED STATES

No. 1,177



**FOLLOWING ROYAL ITINERARY ACROSS THE DOMINION—and RETURNING via NEW YORK for WORLD'S FAIR.**

Winner and companion embark at Southampton for Quebec and Montreal—then proceed by Overland Express, visiting Ottawa, Toronto—Winnipeg, Banff for Rocky Mountains—Vancouver—Jasper—Niagara Falls—Washington—New York, visiting World's Fair—Home to Southampton. All fares, accommodation and sightseeing expenses on the glorious 12,000-mile Wonder Holiday provided by "JOHN BULL."

## HOW TO WIN

To make a prize *Bullet*, simply take an *Example* and add any TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with that particular *Example*.

Here is a good instance of how to arrive at your winning words. Some weeks ago a person "Bulleteer" started by jotting down "War" against the *Example*, OUT OF THE QUESTION. Then, he said, the *Example* suggested the phrase "If Outcome Questioned" to his mind. Thus, in a few minutes, he made up his First Prize *Bullet*, OUT OF THE QUESTION—WAR, IF OUTCOME QUESTIONED.

Before starting on your own efforts, study the leading *Bullets* in our 1,173rd Contest which appear on the opposite page.

Then turn to the *Examples*, for your entry must be posted on or before Saturday, July 1.

**ADDED ATTRACTION:** Six "Examples" opposite are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" to augment those provided.

## USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

THEIR MAJESTIES
TOWER OF STRENGTH
BROTHERS IN ARMS
WHEN BRITANNIA TALKS
UNDER THE SWASTIKA
UGLY SCENE
WHEN BAD TIMES ROWING
SANDY'S IN LOVE, SO
SHOCK FOR THE SERGEANT
WHAT THE UMPIRE SAID
GOOD SOLDIER
MODERN ROMEO
TERRIFYING
FIT AS A FIDDLE
OLD HANDS
HE HEARD A CRY AND
HELPED HIM
SEASIDE MUSICIAN
HE'S ALWAYS GRUMBLING, BUT
WHEN HITLER'S ON HOLIDAY

Incomplete "Examples"—see notice Col. 1.

MAKES US .....
MAN WITH .....
..... ON THE BEACH
..... OF COURAGE
WHY MOTHER .....
TO ..... GRANDPA

£300 Cash

£25 £10 £9 £8 £7 £6 £5 £4 £3 10 of £2.10 25 of 10/-

EACH WEEK'S SINGLE PRIZE

200 SURPRISE AWARDS

THOUSANDS OF OTHER AWARDS

Closing Postmark SAT. JULY 1

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
(1,177) | Closing postmark SAT., JULY 1.

Signed .....
Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
(1,177) | Closing postmark SAT., JULY 1.

Signed .....
Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
(1,177) | Closing postmark SAT., JULY 1.

Signed .....
Address .....

YOU CAN POST ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, JULY 1.

## FREE CASE of GROCERIES

STOCK your larder with one of these useful 10-in-1 Bonus Awards. Provided you submit 3 paid (or prize) coupons this week, "John Bull" will present one FREE with your prize of 10s. or over.

EVERY HOME NEEDS ONE!

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,177 usually purchase "John Bull."

Should you wish to use Advertiser's Coupon on back, or enter more than coupons provided, you may use plain paper.

PRIZE DAYS.—The First Prize Joy Wire to the winner in this week's Contest will be despatched on Friday, July 14. The Second and Third Prize-winners will learn the good news by letter on Saturday, July 15, and all prizes are despatched during the following week.

Don't Miss Page 38 This Week!

**SAVE MONEY ON ENTRIES**

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single postal order sufficient to cover both entry-fees, thus saving 2d. on poundage and postage. Make postal order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,177, and Crossword No. 139, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner. Closing postmark for such joint entry, Saturday, July 1.

**ENTRY FEE** You must enclose a postal order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted, payable to "John Bull" and crossed /& Co./. Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

**Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,177, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**

# A GOOD CIRCULATION THE BASIS OF HEALTH!

Elasto
Tablets
ELASTO RESTORES THE NATURAL POWER OF HEALING TO THE BLOOD.
The NEW ERA TREATMENT CO. LTD
CECIL HOUSE HOLBORN VIADUCT
LONDON, E.C.1.

**Acts Like Magic!**

## Elasto

REGISTERED

The Wonder Tablet

## Take it—and Stop Limping!

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and arousing to full activity the inherent healing power of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of Elasto. Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad-leg) *heal naturally and the cure is lasting*, piles vanish and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

## For the Blood, Veins, Arteries And Heart

SOME of the most painful and distressing ailments that afflict mankind are the direct result of poor or sluggish circulation of the blood. Take, for example, that very common disability, varicose veins. Here we have one of the physical consequences of cell-starvation, a weakening of the vein walls and of the surrounding tissues due to an impoverished blood supply brought about by a stagnating blood stream, or, in other words, bad circulation. In all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood stream is at fault, and no treatment can give lasting results if this all-important fact is overlooked. Keep the blood free-running like a deep, fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell building and for the removal of toxic waste materials, and health MUST result. *A STAGNATING BLOOD STREAM PROVIDES AN IDEAL BREEDING GROUND FOR DISEASE.*

### What is Elasto?

THIS question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample of Elasto, see coupon. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing!* The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this vigorously circulating, oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

### Read What Users of Elasto Say:

*"Varicose Veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."*

*"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."*

*"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."*

*"After being indoors for 18 months, I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs."*

*"My Doctor marvelled at my quick recovery from Phlebitis."*

*"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work keeping on my legs all day."*

*"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto."*

*"Thrombosis gone, legs better, and less swelling."*

*"It is wonderful to be free from that terrible pain and to be able to walk upstairs without getting short of breath."*

*"For seven years my leg had been running from four varicose ulcers, and I cannot describe the pain I suffered. Now they have all healed and my general health has greatly improved due to the wonderful qualities of Elasto."*

*"My piles are gone, my legs are better and I feel better in my general health." Etc.*

***THESE extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves the extraordinary health-restoring powers of ELASTO, the wonderful new Biomedical remedy. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.***

## FREE

### A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

### Fill In This Coupon

for a Free Sample and a Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the new Biomedical Remedy. These, with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, WHILE YOU THINK OF IT, AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE ELASTO MAKES!!

***This offer is too good to be missed!*** ★

ELASTO (DEPT. 15), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

*(Issued by The New Era Treatment Co. Ltd.)*

### JOHN BULL COUPON

### for Free Trial Sample of Elasto ★

ELASTO (Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, "The Story of Elasto," fully explaining how Elasto, The Great Blood Revitaliser, cures through the blood.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

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J.B. No. 24639.

## Elasto will save you pounds!

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